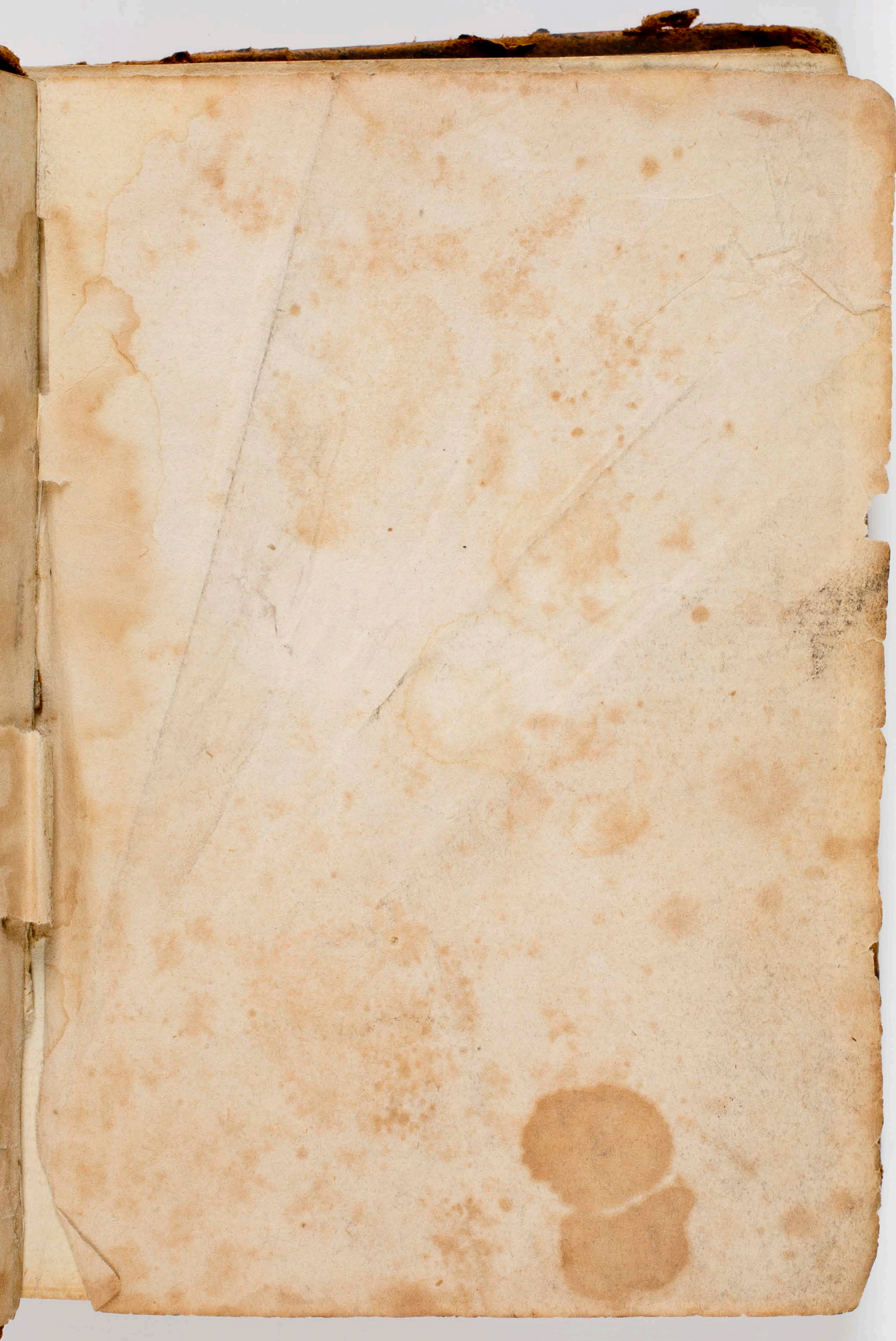


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interesting collection
of Mrs. Sargent

Purchase S. O. Bezanon May 11, 1934



Minot Baker's

Favorite Collection

of

ANCIENT *and* MODERN

SONGS.

Fine songsters to apologies often use,
When call'd on I'm ready to sing
With hums or with haws ^{to refuse,} ne'er attempt
And egad Sir, I'll give you the thing

Boston, 1809.

Enoy in an air-pump without a passage to
breathe through.

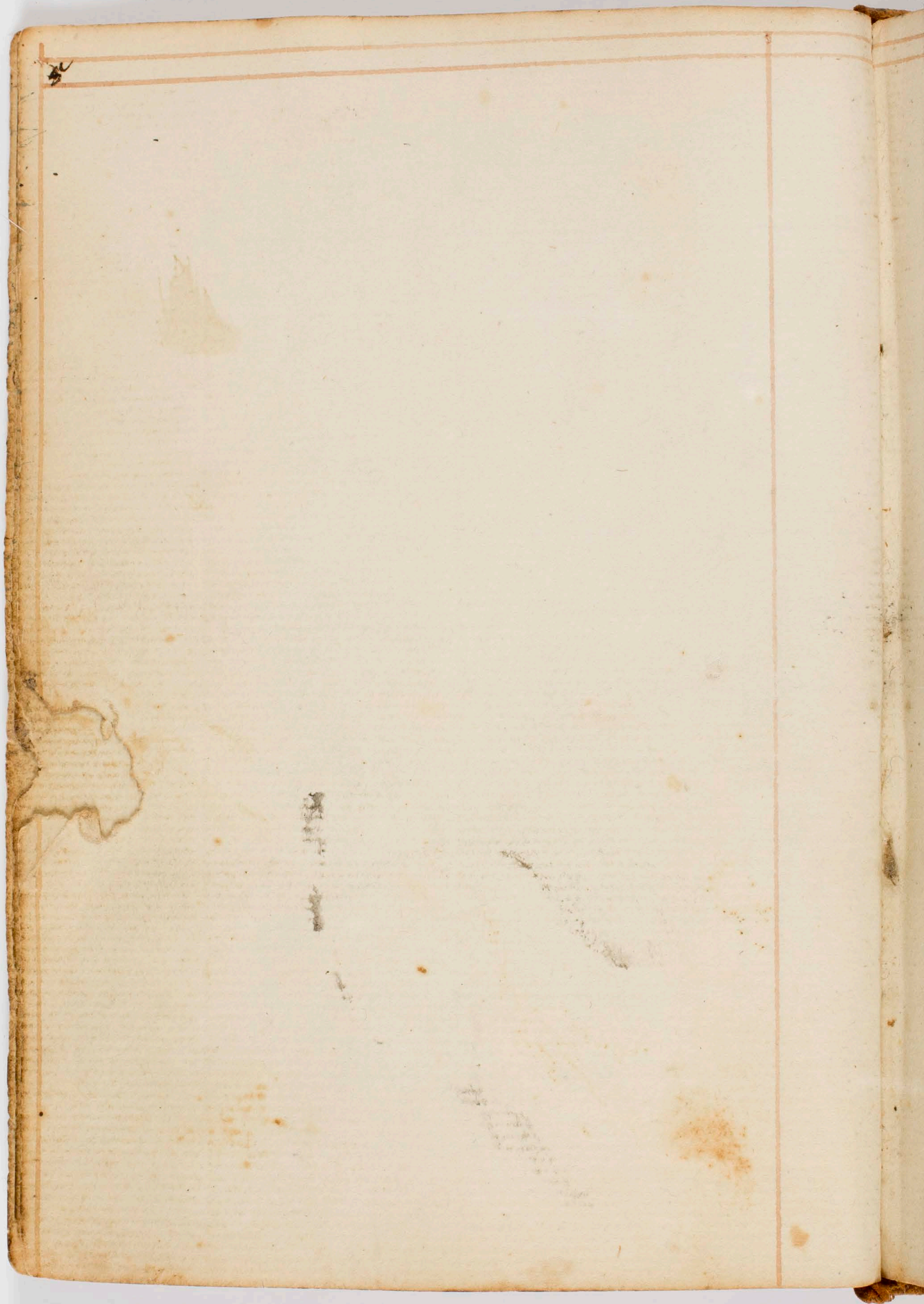
May the cheerful heart never want
an agreeable companion.

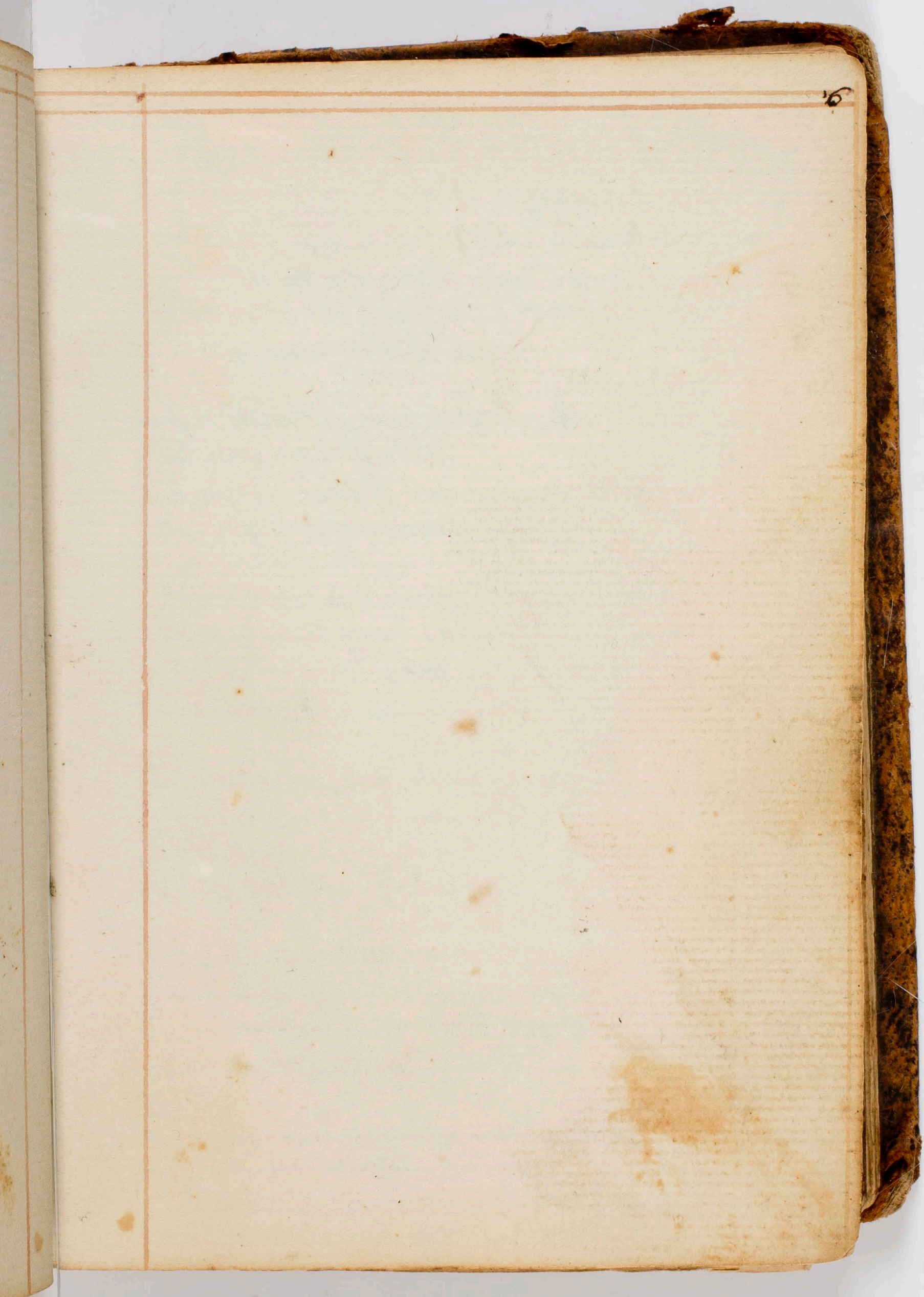
May virtue shine when every other light out.



By music united by all human kind
And friendship shall rivet what harmony Joind







The Sailor's Parting Interview.

Behold my dear, the time draws near
That you and I must part.
There are but few who know the care
Of my poor wounded heart;

That I must suffer for the sake
Of you, my only dear,
Since I'm oblig'd my leave to take
And leave my charmer here;

The thought does sorely wound my heart
That I must part with thee,
That I'm forc'd from thee to part
And cross the raging sea.

O, who is he, that shall enjoy
My love, when I am gone?
Or is there any company,
Like you and I alone?

Or is the any other man,
Shall lodge within your heart?
O no deare sir, the maid reply'd,
If you and I must part,

In sorrow, I my days will spend,
If you inconstant prove,
And never yield my willing hand,
For you alone I love.

I wish my breast was made of glass,
 My heart you might behold,
 That in it you might plainly see
 Your name writ down in gold;

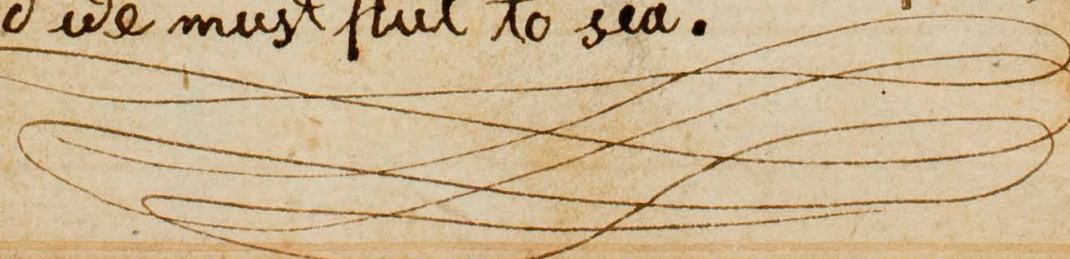
To be the darling of my heart,
 And never to remove,
 That all the world might plainly see,
 'Tis you alone I love;

Then dry your tears said he again,
 If ever I return,
 In Hymen's sweet chain, we'll
 Unite our hearts in one.

When I am gone pray think upon
 Your dear and absent friend,
 And in a league of friendship,
 A line or two pray send,

By every gale that blows that way,
 I pray send a line or two
 And I the same will do again,
 When the wind blows fair to you;

So fare you well, my only dear,
 Our captain calls for me,
 Our sails are spread, the wind is fair,
 And we must flit to sea.



Portsmouth Garland.

Young Gallants give ear,
 while to you I unfold
 As pretty a ditty, as ever was told,
 A worthy young lady
 lived in Portsmouth town,
 Who, was crowned with beauty,
 with fame and renown.

There came Lords and Peers, this fair lady to see,
 And many rich presents, brought to her had she,
 Each hoping and striving this lady to gain,
 But none of them all e'er her favor obtain.

At length, as it happened, on a fair summer's day,
 A jolly young soldier was walking that way,
 He was bold, brisk and airy, she saw him pass by,
 And she call'd to this young man, and bade him
 draw nigh.

O where are you going, from whence do you come?
 And where, do you live sir, pray tell me your name,
 In the country of Derry's my place of abode,
 And I hope I offend not in walking this road

O Gemmy, I'd have you, in this country to tarry,
 And with some gay Lady, I'd have you to marry:
 Whose affluent fortune would increase your store,
 So Gemmy, I'd have you to ramble no more.

11
I would not leave rambling, and ramble no more,
To get gold and silver, and bank it in store,
I've gold in both pockets, and silver likewise;
Like an innocent lover, tears fell from her eyes.

O Gemmy, I have you to marry, with me,
I've men and maid servants to wait upon thee
With gold in your pockets, in coaches you'll
And when you are marry'd I shall be your
bride.

Then Gemmy consented to be her bridegroom,
And they sent for a minister into the room,
And a prettier couple there never was seen,
Then this Jolly young Soldier, and beautiful Queen.

Bold Soldier

I'll tell you of a soldier, who lately came from
war,
Who courted a Lady of honor, rich and fair;
Her fortune was so great, that it scarcely could
be told,
But yet, she lov'd the soldier, because he was so
bold.

She said, my dearest jewel, I would fain be
your wife,
But my dadda is so cruel, I fear he'll end my life;

12

He took his sword and pistols, and hung them by his side
And swore that he would marry her, whatever
might betide.

When they had been to church,
And returning home again,
Her old dadda met them,
With seven armed men;
O dear, said the lady,
I fear we shall be slain,
Fear nothing, my charmer,
The soldier said again.

The old man to his daughter
With a great frown did say,
Is this your behavior?
Is this your marry day?
Since you have been so silly,
As to be a soldier's wife,
Here in this lonesome valley,
I'll end your pleasant life.

And then spake up the soldier,
I do not like this prattle,
Altho I am a Bridegroom,
And unprepared for battle;
He snatch'd his sword and pistols,
And made them all to rattle,
And the lady held the horse,
While the soldier fought the battle.

13
The first man he came to,
He quickly had him slain,
The next man he came to,
He ran him thro' a main;
Let's flee, cry'd the rest,
For we soon shall all be slain,
To fight with this brave soldier,
Is altogether vain.

Pray, stay your hand, the old man cry'd,
You make my blood run cold;
I'll give you with my daughter,
Five thousand pounds in gold;
Fight on, said the lady,
My portion is too small,
O, stay your name, dear soldier,
And you shall have it all:

He took the soldier home,
And acknowledg'd him his heir,
Twas not because he lov'd him,
But 'twas for dread and fear;
There never is a soldier,
Who's fit to carry a gun,
Will ever flinch or start an inch,
Till the battle he has won.

Despise not a soldier because that he is poor,
He's happy in the field as at the barrack door,
Is bold brisk and very brave sociable and free,
As willing to fight for love as for his liberty.

14

Great Notion A Song. A favourite Love

One night depriv'd of slumbers,
As musing on my bed I lay
Perplexed with thoughts unnumber'd,
Reflecting on this dismal day;
Like to some troubled Ocean,
Whose rolling Billows take no rest,
Was Love's perpetual Motion
That rolled in my troubled breast.

Sweet Sally is my darling,
My joy and only heart's delight,
Forever night and morning
She robs me of my freedom's right,
She's linked me in love's chain
From this fair one I can't get free,
She'll send me to my grave
Or afford me some Remedy.—

Your long and slender waist love,
Denotes that you are chaste and free,
Your pretty blooming Face
is a mark of purest Chastity,
With Beauty you're adorn'd,
with prudence and sobriety,
You are most neatly form'd, *surpassing*
surpassing any gay Lady.—

15
Because I am a soldier, my dear,
what makes you slight me so?
Into some foreign land,
like a wand'ring Pilgrim, I will go;
My youthful days I'll spend,
until old age does me overtake,
And like a wounded lover,
I'll ramble for my darlings sake.

If I had all the gold that's in Mexico,
or rich Peru,

My dearest sweetest Sally,
I would bestow it all on you.
Your eyes are far more clear love,
then ever was a diamond stone,
Your cheeks may be compared
unto a rose that's newly blown.

Look down in yonder garden,
and view the flowers of every kind,
The violets and the roses,
the pretty Pinks, and Lillies fine.
But stay until tomorrow
see how they all will fade away,
And so will all your charms, Love,
you boast so highly of today.

SONG will go in Great Sorten

No rose pink of carnation
Could ever with a single view
Bring to annihilation

A youth as I am brought by you
 I write to you in Ditty
 In hopes your tender heart 'twill move
 A dying youth to pity
 Who pines with frantic pains of love

On your sweet alluring form
 How oft did I with rapture gaze
 Where each feature made to charm
 Some beauty of the mind displays
 Sweet smiling lovely creature
 No pencil could your shape portray
 Fair master-piece of nature
 No numbers could your praise display

Since the moment I first spied you
 My heart to love you did incline
 Often I sat beside you
 My eager wish was you'd be mine
 If I cannot enjoy thee
 No other maid I'll e'er possess
 You've the power to destroy me
 Or thus replete my happiness

To hear you were contracted
 Caus'd all my senses to have fled
 E'er I could go distracted
 No vital spirit in me staid

So now my hopes are over
 I'll always languish grieve and pine
 I thought to be your lover
 But Oh! alas you'll never be mine

The Exile Of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind beaten hill:
 But the day star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where oft, in the glow of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

2.
 Oh! sad is my fate! (said the heart-broken stranger)
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger;
 A home and a country remain not to me;
 Ah! never again in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers live, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh

3.
 Erin! my country! tho' sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more;
 Oh! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of bliss where no perils can chase me?—
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me;
 I nee die to defend or live to deprecate.

18

Where is my cabin, that stood by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall!
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah! sad is my soul! long abandon'd by pleasure;
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Dears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

5

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing;
Land of my fore-fathers Erin, go bragh;
So uried, and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;
And thy harp-stringing bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin, ma vournein, Erin, go bragh.

Ellen O'Moore.

Written by Dr James Reynolds

June Erin go bragh

Ah! Soldiers of Britain your merciless doings,
Long, long, will the children of Erin deplore;
Oh! sad is my soul when I view the black ruins
Where once stood the cottage of Ellen O'Moore:
Her father (God rest him!) lov'd Ireland most dearly,
All its wrongs, all its sufferings, he felt most severely;
And with freedom's firm sons united sincerely:
But gone is the father of Ellen O'Moore.
One cold winter night, as poor Dermot lay musing,
Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went the door.
The fierce soldiers enter'd and straight 'gan abusing

20
To their scuffs he replied not — with blows they assail'd ^{him}.
He felt all indignant — his caution now fail'd him;
He return'd their vile blows — all Munster bewail'd him;
For stabb'd was the father of Ellen O'Moore.

3.

Who the children's wild screams, & the mother's distraction,
While the father, the husband lay stretch'd in his gore,
Could behold or could hear, & not curse the foul faction
That blasted this rose-bud, sweet Ellen O'Moore?
O my father! my father! she cried (wildly throwing
Her arms round his neck) while his life's blood was flowing;
She kiss'd his cold lips, but poor Dermot was going;
He groan'd, and left fatherless Ellen O'Moore.

4.

With destruction unclow'd this infernal banditti,
Tho' the rain fell in sheets, and the tempest blew sore,
These friends to the castle, but foes to all pity,
Set fire to the dwelling of Ellen O'Moore.
The children, the mother, half naked & shrieking
Escap'd from the flames where poor Dermot lay reeking;
And while those poor victims for shelter were seeking,
Ah! mark what befel poor Ellen O'Moore.

5.

From her father's pale corpse, which her lap had
supported,
To an out house the ruffians this lovely one bore.
With her tears, her intreaties, her sorrows they sported;
And by force they deflower'd sweet Ellen O'Moore.
And now, a wild maniac, she roams the wide common;
'Gainst the soldiers of Britain she warns every woman,
And sings of her father in strains more than human,
Till the tears over power poor Ellen O'Moore.

21

Now, ye daughter of Erin, your country's salvation
While the waves of old ocean shall beat round your shore
Remember the wrongs of your long shackled nation
Remember the wrongs of poor Ellen O'Moore
And while your hearts beat, with spirits of fire
Your brother, your lovers, your children inspire
Till your union shall make all oppressors retire
From the land where now wanders poor Ellen O'Moore

Sadi The Moor June Erin-go-Brah.

^{1.}
The trees seem to fade as you dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look on the door;
And see the loved cottage all sinking in ruin,
The Cottage of peace, and Sadi the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest and cheery,
His friends were his life-blood he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-eyed Zeldah, he loved her sincerely,
Hard was the fate of Sadi the Moor.

^{2.}
As Sadi was toiling - his Zeldah was near him,
His children were prattling, and smiling before;
When the pirates appear, from his true love they tear him
And drag to their vessel, poor Sadi the Moor.
Then forlorn and grieved, his wife her lost husband seeking
His children & friends at a distance were shrieking
Poor Sadi cry'd out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

^{3.}
In spite of his' plaint to the galley they bore him,
His Zeldah and children to mourn and deplore;
At morn from his feverish slumbers they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.
At night up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes, on his wretched mind crowding,
He heaved a last sigh, & fell dead from the shrouding,
The sea was the grave of Sadi the Moor.

The Maniac. ^{Irish} will go in the tune of Cringo

As I stray'd o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder.
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd;
On the sward she reel'd, by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisies and crowflowers abounded;
So its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing, 'I was Mary le More.

2.
Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek;
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck;
While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaimed "Oh! my mother!
See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother;
They have torn his poor flesh, & they now strip another;
'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More!"
Though his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,
Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave;
'My father!' she cry'd, with the wildest emotion,
Oh! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave!
They have toll'd his death bell, they've laid the turf over him;
His white lock were bloody, no aid can restore him;
He is gone! he is gone and the good will deplore him;
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More!"

23

A lark, from the gold blossom & furze that grew
near her,
Saw rose, and with energy carroll'd his lay;
"Hush! hush!" she continued, "the trumpet sounds
clearer;

The horsemen approach: Erin's daughters away!"
Ah! Britons, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning!
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning
Go hide with the sea men, ye maids, and take warning
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

"Away! bring the ointment! Oh! God! see those gashes!
Alas! my poor mother, come dry the big tear;
Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes
Already the screech-owls and ravens appear;
By day the green grave, that lies under the willow
With wild flowers I'll strew, & by night make my
pillow,

Will the ooze and dark sea weed, beneath the curl'd
billow,
Shall furnish a death bed for Mary le More."

Thus raved the poor Maniac in tones more heart-
rending

Then Sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When, lo! on the waste, and thir march it warber ben-
ding.

A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear:
"Oh! the fiends!" she exclaim'd with wild hor-
ror started
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming she
darted;
With an overhanging bosom, I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

New Erin Go Brah.


From Cork to New York sail'd an exile from Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 He ran to a tavern cursing and swearing,
 He wanted some rum, so he call'd for a jill.
 The glasses attracted his eyes and devotion,
 To drink a half-pint he had a great notion;
 So the landlord came in and fill'd out his potion —
 Here's part of the humors of Erin go brah.

The landlord by chance was poor Patrick's relation,
 And he from old Ireland came some time before;
 He said, Pat, drink a pint for the good of our nation,
 Since you are arriv'd here on liberty's shore,
 So to it they went and drank on the double,
 And tipp'd a quart for to drown all past trouble;
 The wrangles with orangemen seem'd like a
 bubble —

Here's more of the humors of Erin go brah.

Here's Emmet, Montjoy, and a number of others,
 From Erin to York they were forc'd to proceed;
 And now in this country united like brothers,
 God grant them long life for to plant all their
 seed.

May their great generation like vines of potatoes
 Spread over this land like New Jersey musquitos,
 To sting all the British that dare to invade us,
 And wield the shalake of Erin go brah.



The Midnight Hark-Away.

The card invites, in crowds we fly,
 To join the jovial rout, full cry,
 What joy from cares and plagues all day,
 To hie to the Midnight Hark-away!

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
 Nor drowsy husbands enter there
 The brisk, the bold the young, the gay,
 All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
 And drowsy watchmen idly knock;
 Till daylight sleeps, we sport and play,
 And roar to the jolly Hark-away!

When tir'd with sports, to bed we creep,
 And hie the tedious day with sleep;
 So-morrow's welcome call obey,

And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

Pleasures Hark a Day ^{rites} tune the cardin

When pheebe mounts the evening shies,
 Then let the jovial crew arise,
 And free from sorrow's iron sway,
 Hissa for Pleasures hark away,

2.

Now sound your's strepent joys,

For mirth exists but in a noise
 Then laugh from night till morning grey
 And shout for Comus hark away

3.
 Now pass about the jovial bowl,
 For wine exhilarates the soul,
 Let every guest with joy obey,
 When Bacchus sounds the hark away.

4.
 How sweet to join the gallant chase,
 When loves the game and female,
 Where all their strength & skill display,
 And Beauty sounds the hark away

5.
 Your flutes, your horns, your tabors bring,
 Your songs of mirth and pleasure sing;
 Such let the merry music play,
 And join Apollo hark away.

6.
 Then still in reverly advance,
 And drink and laugh and sing & dance,
 Till rosy east proclaims the day,
 Huzza for Pleasures hark away.

How, wow, &c.
 That Fashion rules both high and low,
 There's no one can deny, sir;
 And those who dare to flout her laws, are
 View'd with scornful eye, sir.
 A bachelor of sixty-four I own myself to be, sir;
 And, like old maids, to pride and dress a rigid enemy, sir.
 How, wow, &c.

And so, regardless of the frown of this said mistress
 Fashion,
 On pride and dress, and beaux and belles I'll
 freely lay my lash on
 Who, though they can their money spend with War-
 ren, Dyke and Harding,
 If want implores their charity, they cannot spare
 a farthing. Bow, wow, &c.

Your beaux, they sip their tea at noon, because
 it is the fashion;
 Then dine at six, get drunk by two, and through
 the garden dash on;
 While bakers' clerks their betters ape, and sport
 their girl and gig, sir;
 And even Bet, the chamber maid, must have a
 flaccen wig, sir. Bow, wow, &c.

Your folks of rank at faro-bank do oft turn night
 to day, sir;
 And tradesmen's wives and daughters join, who deep
 as them will play, sir;
 Until for Doctors' Commons, perhaps, they make
 a pretty job, sir;
 Or else for debt their husbands break and
 stylish go to quæ, sir. Bow, wow, &c.

But, hold! my tongue has run too far; they say
 it trade promotes, sir;
 So I'll desist, lest you should find a hole too
 in my coat, sir;

And only wish to see once more Dress suited to
 each station;
 'Tis commerce, sirs, sirs, not Fashion's law, that
 must support the nation.

How, wou, &c.

The General Hunt.

To horse ye jolly sportsmen,
 And greet the new-born day;
 Incessant, lo! thro' nature's field,
 Each creature hunts his prey.
 And a hunting we will go.

Dame nature teaches Reynard's craft
 I'o'er reach the feather'd flocks;
 And we pursue the chiding Dogs,
 While they run down the fox.
 And a hunting, &c.

Some fain would hunt for honour,
 A game that's hard to find:
 The needy hunt for charity,
 And may go hunt the wind.
 And a hunting, &c.

Our patriots loudly bellow,
 The nation's desperate case;
 While all their stir and bustle's made
 In hunting for a place.
 And a hunting &c.


Full cry the demors hunt the feds,
 Who in their turn pursue;
 And running one another down,
 Run down their country too.
 And a hunting &c.

The lawyer hunts out quibbles,
 Your title to maintain;
 He'll hunt the right till it be wrong,
 Then hunt it back again.
 And a hunting &c.

The toper daily hunts his pot,
 Both care and sense to drown;
 While gamesters hunt another's purse,
 And lose sight of their own.
 And a hunting, &c.

The lasses hunt their lovers,
 Each lover hunts his lass;
 The fop in chace of his dear face,
 Hunts out his looking glass.
 And a hunting &c.

O'er hill and dale with horn and hound,
 Let's hunt, boys, while 'tis light;
 Then joyous we'll o'erflowing bowls,
 Re vive the chace at night.
 And a hunting &c.



Come Haste To The Wedding

Come haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,

The lovers their bliss can on longer delay,
Forget all your sorrows, your cares and your labours,

And let every hart with rapture today.
Come, come, one and all, attend to my call,

And revel in pleasures that never can decay,

Come see, rural felicity which love and
innocence ever enjoy;

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and bias the hearts of the great
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones and

great
We boast of no wealth but contentment and
health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments
employ.

Come see, &c.

With reason we drink of each heart stirring plea-^{sure,}

With reason we taste of the full flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but 'tis all within measure,

Not fatal excess but enslaves the free soul,
Come, come, at our bidding, to this happy

wedding,

No care shall obtrude here our bliss to annoy;

Come, see &c.

The Country Life.

A Sweet country life is delightful & charming.

When walking abroad in a fine summer's morning;

Your cities, nor your towns, nor your lofty high towers,

Cannot be compared to my sweet shady bowers:

Your fiddle nor your pipe, your flute, nor your spinet,

Canot be compared to my lark and sweet linnet;

'Tis down as I lye on a sweet bed of roses,

I'm charm'd with the notes of the black birds and thrushes,

Young Jemmy, the plow-boy, gets up in the morning,

Feeding of his flock by the side of the fountain

He sees lovely Nancy among the green rushes,

She sings sweeter notes than the black birds or thrushes,

In the sweet month of May she retires to the mountains,

Milking of her cows by the side of the fountain

Your city's costly di'monds you may vainly fancy,

While I on banks of violets am charm'd with my Nancy.

I value not a fig your silks nor your laces,

Your ribbons, nor your gausers, nor other excesses;

Her own country wearing, to me is most endearing;

Her pretty fringed mantle, her spinning and
 And now to conclude my favourite song and
 ditty,
 I ask my country fair ones, who dress neat
 and pretty,
 Never to forsake their own country's employ-
 ment,
 The cities and the towns cannot give such enjoyment.

Row, Dow, Dow

On Litch's green meadows where innocence reigns,
 Where pleasure and plenty forever preside,
 I romped with the maidens and pretty young swains,
 And Ralph fancied soon he should call me his bride;
 When I first heard the drum with the row, dow, dow,
 Its music was sweeter than soft serenade:
 I scorn'd all the rest for the row, dow, dow,
 And sigh'd for the captain with a smart cockade.

The first I ever saw, he march'd over our green,
 His men all behind him by two and by two;
 Such a sight in our village had never been seen,
 The men all in ranks were drawn out to view;
 When I first heard the drum with a row, dow, dow
 Young Cupid awak'n'd, such a bustle he made,
 My heart beat a march, with a row, dow, dow,
 And went o'er to the captain with a smart cockade.

My face took his fancy - he swore at my feet
 All his laurels he'd lay, if I'd give him my hand:
 No maid could refuse a lover so sweet,
 To the church then I march'd by the word of com-
 mand:

Now I follow the drum, with a row, Dow, Dow,
 Nor ever have repented the vow that I made;
 No music's to me like the row, Dow, Dow,
 No youth like the captain with a smart cochard

Jockey To The Fair

I was on the morn of sweet May Day,
 When nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
 And gild the meadows rare:
 Young Jockey early in the dawn,
 Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;
 His Sunday's coat the youth put on;
 For Jenny had vow'd away to run
 With Jockey to the fair.
 For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
 With eager steps he trudg'd along,
 With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds us'd to wear:
 He tap'd the window - Haste my dear,
 Penny impatient, cry'd, who's there?
 'Tis I, my love, and no one near;

Step gently Down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.

My Dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?
I will by all the powers of love,
And never deceive my charming dove;
Dispel those doubts, and hast my love,
With Jockey to the fair.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let cupid be our happy guide,
And hyman meet us there:
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true;
His word was plighted — away she flew
O'er cowslips, tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyous throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young:
Each join the dance, each join the song,
And hail the happy pair:
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless'd the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the fair.

Morning Ramble

As' cross the field the other morn,
 I tripp'd so blithe and gay;
 The Squire, with his dog and gun,
 By chance come by that way.
 Whither so fast, sweet maie, he cry'd
 And caught me round my waist:
 Pray stop awhile — Dear girl said he,
 I can't, for I'm in haste.

You must not go, as yet, cry'd he,
 For I have much to say;
 Come, sit you down, and let us chat
 Upon this new mown hay. —
 I've loved you long, and oft have wish'd
 Those ruby lips to taste;
 I'll have a kiss — well, then said I,
 Be quick, for I'm in haste.

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge,
 Come through a neighboring gate;
 He caught my hand, and cry'd Dear Girl,
 I fear I've made you wait:
 But here's the ring, come, haste to Church,
 The joys of love to taste —
 I left the Squire, and smiling said,
 You see, Sir, I'm in haste.

Peasants The Petition.

When the trees are all bare,
 not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauties have lost;
 When all nature's disrob'd of its mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound by the frost:

When the peasant, inactive,
 stands shivering with cold,
 To hear the winds as they northerly blow,
 And the innocent flocks run for shelter to
 fold,
 With their fleeces all sprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are
 fodder'd with straw,
 And send forth their breath like a steam;
 When the neat looking dairy maid sees
 she must than
 Flakes of ice that she finds on her cream:

The blithe country maiden as fresh as the
 rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rustics loud laugh, if in falling
 she shows,
 Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for compa-
 ny join'd,
 And round the hall embers are met,
 Talk of witches, and fairies that ride on
 the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweet:

When the birds to the barn-door come
 hovering for food,
 Or silently sit on the spray;
 And the poor timid hare in vain seeks
 the wood,
 For faithless her footsteps betray.

Heaven grant in that season it may be my
 lot,
 With the girl that I love and admire,
 When the isichules hang to the eaves of my
 cot
 I may thither in safety retire:

There in neatness and quiet, and free from
surprise,

May we live and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise
But those which each other can
cure.

I am a jolly gay Pedlar

I am a jolly gay Pedlar,

Come here to sell my ware:

And tho' in all things I'm a medler,

I meddle most with the fair;

When I shew my ribbons to misses,

Tho' copper and silver I gain,

Yet better I'm pleased with the blisses,

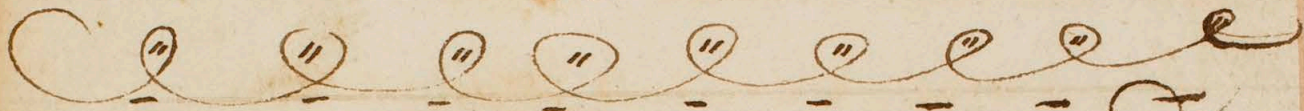
Which now I cannot explain.

Fools say that life is but sorrow,
 And seem disenclin'd to be gay
 But why should we think of to-morrow
 When we may be happy to-day
 I rove round the world for my pleasure
 Resolv'd to take nothing amiss
 And think my existance a treasure
 While blest with a cup and a kiss

They surely are thick headed asses
 Who know that youth's gone in a crack
 And will not enjoy as it passes
 The season that never comes back
 Let time jog on slower or quicker
 Or whether we're silly or wise

We shall not be the worse for good liquor

Or the smile of a girl with black eyes



Come Cheer up My Lads.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful gear;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free, as we sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

We never see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow & run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart &c.

They swear they'll invade us, those terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children & beaux,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Americans they'll find to receive them ashore.
Heart &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
In spite of ^{them sweat} the devil, and Bache's gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, and be this your toast,
A Washington, and Adams while time shall
last.

41
Oh Ever in my Bosom Live
Sandy.

Oh ever in my bosom live,
Thou source of endless pleasure,
Since nothing else on earth can give,
So dear, so rich a treasure.
Both.

O ever in my bosom live,
Thou source of endless pleasure,
Since nothing else on earth can give,
So dear, so rich a treasure.
Sandy.

True love, perhaps may bring alarms,
Or be but loss of reason,
Yet still it adds to Summer's charms,
And cheers the wintry season.
Both.

True love, perhaps, &c.
Jenny.

The lustre of the great and gay,
In transitory fashion,
While pure and lasting is the ray.

Of unaffected passion.
 When danger threatens the peasant's cot,
 And cruel cares assail it
 Affections smile shall soothe his lot,
 Or bid him not bewail it.

Sandy.

Then let us each on each rely,
 A mutual transport borrow
 The slavish forms of life defy
 And artificial sorrow.

Jenny.

Content we'll sport and laugh and sing,
 Grow livelier and jocosier,
 While time that flies on envious wing,
 Shall bind our hearts the closer.

The Mechanic Song

Tune The Hobbies

Ye merry mechanics come join in my song
 And let your brisk chorus come bounding along

Tho' some perhaps poor and some rich there may be
Yet all are united happy and free

Chorus { Happy and free
Happy and free
Yet all are united happy & free }

Ye Sailors of antient and noble renown
Who clothe all the people in country and town
Remember that Adam (your father and head)

Tho' the lord of the world was a Sailor by trade

Happy and free &c.

Ye Masons who work in stone mortar and brick
And lay the foundation deep solid and thick

Tho' hard be your labour yet lasting your fame

Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim

Happy and free &c.

Ye smiths who forge tools for all trades here below

You have nothing to fear while you smite & you blow

All things you may conquer so happy your lot

If you're careful to strike while the iron is hot

Happy and free &c.

Ye shoemakers nobly from ages long past
 Have defended your rights with the awl to your last
 And cobbles all merry not only stop holes
 But work night and day for the good of our soles
 Happy and free &c.

Ye cabinet makers brave workers of wood
 As you work for the Ladies your work must be good
 Ye joiners and carpenters far off and near
 Stick close to your trades and you're nothing to fear
 Happy and free &c.

Ye coach makers must not by tax be controul'd
 But ship off your coaches and fetch us home gold
 The roller of your coach made Copernicus wheel
 And foresee the world to turn round like a wheel
 Happy and free &c.

Ye Hatters who oft with hands not very fair
 Fix hats on a block for block heads to wear
 Tho' charity covers a sin now and then
 You cover the heads and the sins of all men
 Happy and free &c.

Ye corders & spinners & weavers attend
 And take the advice of poor Richard your friend
 Stick close to your looms to your wheels & your combs
 And you never need fear of times going hard
 Happy & free &c.

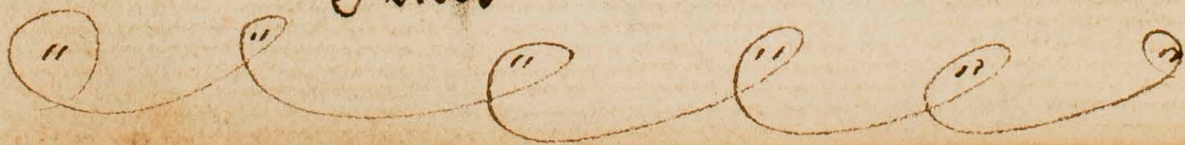
Ye printers who give us our learning and news
 And impartially print for Turks christians & jews
 Let your favourite toast ever sound thro' the streets
 A freedom to press and a volume in in sheets
 Happy & Free &c.

Ye coopers who rattle with driver and adze
 And latter each day upon hoops & on Heads
 The famous ale ballad of love in the Tub
 You may sing to the Tune of I rubadubdub
 Happy & Free &c.

Ye ship builders riggers and makers of sails
 All read the news constitution prevails
 And soon you may see on the proud swelling tide
 The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride
 Happy & Free &c.

Each tradesman turn out with his tools and tools
 To cherish the arts and keep head thro' the sand
 Each Apprentice and Journeyman join in my song
 And let your full chorus come bounding along
 Happy and Free &c.

Finis



Finale. in Tinkle & Yario:

Campley.

Come let us dance and sing,
 While all Barbadoes bells shall
 ring:
 Love scrapes the fiddle string,
 And Venus plays the lute;

Hymen gay, foots away,
 Happy at our wedding day,
 Cocks his chin, and figures in,
 To labor, fife, and flute.

Chorus

Come then dance and sing
 While all Barbadoes bells shall ring,
 Love scrapes the fiddle string,
 And Venus plays the lute;

47

Yarissa.

Since thus each anxious care is vanished
into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear To join the
jocund dance?
To and fro, couples go, on the light
fantastic toe,
While with glee, merrily, the rosy
hours advance.

Come let us Dance & sing &c.

Yarico

When first the swelling sea
Hither brought my love & me,
What then my fate wou'd be
Little did I think -
Doom'd to know care and woe,
Happy still is Yarico:
Since her love will constant prove,
And nobly scorn to shrink

Come let us dance & sing &c.

Trudge.

'Tis bob's now I'm fix'd for life,
My fortune's fair tho' black's my wife,
Who fears domestic strife—

Who cares now a soue!

Merry cheer my dingy dear
I shall live with her factotum here
Night & day, I'll prish & play,
about—the house, with wows,

Come let us dance & sing &c.

Patty—

Let patty say a word,
& chambor maid may sure be heard,
Sure men are grown absurd,
Thus taking black for white!

To hug & kiss a dingy miss,
Will hardly suit an age like this—
Unless here, some friend appears,
who like this wedding night—

Come let us dance & sing &c.

At sixteen years old you could get
little good of me,

Then I saw Norah - who soon understood of me
I was in love - but myself, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.

'I was dear, dear! what can the matter be?

Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be?

Och, Grammachree! what can the matter
be
Bother'd from head to the tail!

I went to confess me to father O'Shang^{an}
Told him my case - made en end - then
began again.

Father, says I, make me my own managaⁱⁿ,
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be?
Och, blood and ouns! can you tell what
the matter be?

Both cried, what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail!

Soon I fell sick - I did bellow and
curse again!

Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:
Gave me a hiss: ooh, sounds! that threw
me worse again!

Well she knew what I did ail,
But, dear, dear! says she what can the
matter be?

Och! blood and ouns! my lass, what can
the matter be?

Both cried, what can the matter be?

Bothered from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now, since I left Tipperary -
How strange, growing older, our nature
should vary!

All symptoms are gone of my ancient
quandary,

I cannot tell now what I ail.
Dear, dear! &c.

Patrick Delancy.

As Murphy Delancy so funny & frisky
 Pop'd into a grogg shop to get his skin full
 Came reeking out drunk being well tin'd with
 whisky

As fresh as a sharp rock as blind as a bull
 A triffling accident happened our rover
 Who took the quay side for the floor of a shed
 And the keel of a coal barge he just tumbled over
 And tho't all the time he was going to bed
 Some folks passing by pull'd him out of the
 river

And got a horse doctor his sickness to mend
 Who swore that poor pat was no longer a tiger
 But dead as the D^{###} and there was an end
 They sent for the coroner's inquest to try him
 But pat not half liking this comical strife
 Fell to twitting and turning the while they sat
 by him

And came when he found it convenient to life
 Says pat to the jury "your worship an't please ye
 I don't think I'm dead so what is it you do
 Not dead says the forman you spak speen be easy
 By Jamus the doctor knows better than you
 So the jury went on with their business further
 Examind the doctor about his belief
 And they br'ot in Delancy was guilty of
 murder

And were going to hang him in spite of his
 teeth

Then pat he clinch'd hold of a handsome shelly
 And said the poor doctor as stiff as a post
 They swore it could not be ~~Murphy~~ Delaney
 But something alive and it must be his host
 The jury began then with fear to survey him
 While pat like a devil about him did say
 They sent out a hand for the clergy to lay him
 But pat said the clergy and then run away

Song.

O Love! what the deuce do you want in my
 bosom
 Get out of my night and my heart let alone
 For had I a score I certainly should love 'em
 As that I possess is no longer my own
 What means all this thumping this flutt-
 'ring and beating

O good master Cupid be easy now!
 I long every morn for the next village meeting
 Tho' it adds to my pain but I cannot tell how

Sing lara la lara la lara
 Lara la lara la lara

I can't for the life of me make out the reason
 Why love is the only thing ne'er out of season
 Och! when on the green we were all of us dancing
 'Twas there I first felt the effects of her eyes
 Each moment she'd seize to be privately glancing
 Fond looks at a heart she had caught by surprise
 She shot thro' and thro' like a loud clap of thunder

My heart a large hole in my bosom did burn
And fled to her arms then pray where is the
wonder

That her own the dear crater should send in
return. — Sing *Lara la he.*

O Cupid you're surely of Irish distraction
O help your poor countryman now at a pinch
If you'll stand my friend in the heat of the
action

May I ne'er see Kilkenny again if I flinch
I'm not one of those who are given to lying
I promise no more than I'm able to give
I hate all your nonsense your kneeling and
dying

But I'll love her as long as she chooses to live
Sing *Lara la he.*

Song

He

Awake thou fairest thing in nature
How can you sleep when day does break
How can you sleep my charming creature
When half a world for you are awake

She
What swain is this that rings so early
Under my window by the dawn

He
'Tis one dear nymph that loves you dearly

Therefore in pity ease my pain

Heu

Softly else you'll wake my mother
No tales of love she lets me hear
Go tell your passion to some other
Or whisper softly in my ear

Heu

How can you bid me love another
Or rob me of your cautious charms
'Tis time you were weaned from your mother
You're fitter for a lovers arms.

The
Damsel's Tragedy: Or The
Cruel Mother-in-Law.

In ¹dulgent parents Dear, Pray now attend
To this Relation her, Witch I have penned,
A Deeper Tragedy, you never knew for why,
A Mother's Cruelty Ruin'd her Son.

²
The Darling of her heart and chief delight
Mine but the bleeding part with
here I write
And you with me will say alas! it well
aday
Two lovers sad decay Calls for our tears

This youth ³ of whom I treat
 was by Descent
 A Squire most compleat
 and as he went
 To court a merchants maide
 his mother often said
 Why will you thus degrade
 our family

4
 Will not a Lady gay
 well qualify
 With wealth and Beauty pray
 serve for your Bride
 But you must needs adore
 one born of parents poor
 I'll never own you more
 If you proceed

5
 Dear mother say not so
 Do not dispise
 My love for well I know
 her charming eyes
 More rich then Rubies are
 shes wealthy being fair
 No Lady can compare
 With my true Love

There's worthy of my love
 Do not Disdain
 My Dear my Turtle Dove
 I court no Gain
 Was she as poor as Job
 I in a Royal Robe
 And Lord of all the Globe
 she should be mine

4

Now when she understood
 his love was true
 She sought this Damsel's blood
 envious grew
 Said she I'll have her Life
 e'er she shall be his wife
 Therefore a bloody knife
 she did provide

For this inhuman act
 which she designed
 Could either Jew or Turk
 with bloody mind
 Ever have acted so
 against a Damsel no
 For she did Friendship show
 that she might kill

57
She chose a proper time
as you shall hear
For to commit this crime
when none was near
Her son to London went
she to this maiden sent
Seeming with sweet content
to walk with her

10
She maid with cheerfull heart
then come with speed
Not thinking that her part
had been to bleed
His mother spoke up first
and after food did thirst
Saying Dear child you must
go walk with me

11
And then without delay
madam said she
I joy to think I may
admitted be
I walk a broac with you
Poor heart she little knew
What sorrow would ensue
Death was at hand

Hear to a silent grave
they did repair
All thier discourse was love
till they came there
But soon she chang'd the scene
and show'd a bloody spleen
Madam what do you mean
the damsel cry'd

What I mean you shall find
before we part
This very knife's design'd
to pierce your heart
You have enslave'd my son
his heart was quickly won
I'll undo all that's done
here in this place

She fell upon her knees
Seeing the knife
Dear madam if you please
spare but my life
I'll make this promise here
if you will set me clear
Your son I'll ne'er come near
Till I have breath

No more you shan't she cry'd
 I'll make all sure
 Down by this river side
 you must endure
 Instead of cupid's dart
 one fatal minutes smart
 This said unto her heart
 she stab'd her strait

With that the crimson blood
 ran down amain
 At length the reeking flood
 the grass did stain
 Her cheeks so fair and red
 now chang'd as pale as lead
 With bushes covered
 here was she left

A dolefull sacrifice
 through love she fell
 No mourning obsequies
 no passing bell
 No solemn funeral
 none to lament her fall
 Till her true love did call
 for her at last

PART II.

Now with a bleeding heart
 and melting tear
 Mind but the second part
 alas your ears
 Will soon invaded be
 with a new tragedy
 The squire's destiny y
 you soon shall hear

At his returning home
 Late in the night
 He went to see his love
 his heart's delight
 But coming to that place
 alas in woful case
 Tears trickled down his face
 for this fair maid

Who had been lost e'er since
 he went they said
 Although with diligence
 search had been made
 All the whole country round
 she was not to be found
 With sorrows compass'd round
 the squire stood

Sighing and nothing spoke
 fill'd with surprise
 At length he silence broke
 and thus he cries
 I shall not long endure
 my love is past all cure
 Was she alive I'm sure
 she would be here

Cur'd be that wicked hand
 that gave the blow
 Either by sea or land
 for well I know
 My dearest Love is dead
 I am discomfited
 All joys are from me fled
 Ah woe is me

He took his chamber strait
 where all alone
 In tears he did relate
 his griefs unknown
 Praying continually
 that a discovery
 Of this sad tragedy
 might soon be made

As he lamenting lay
 Late in the night
 The room appeared like day
 all over light

Three bitter groans he heard
 and then a ghost appear'd
 From head to foot besmear'd
 with purple gore

The apparition made
 to his bed side
 He being not afraid
 to it he cry'd
 O what unhappy fate
 makes you unfortunate
 The spirit did relate
 all that was past

Though in a silent wood
 my body lies
 Here I appear in blood
 before your eyes
 Your cruel mother she
 wrought my sad destiny
 Had you not loved me
 all had been well

Then with a groan or two
 vanished away
 Leaving the squire who
 Lamenting lay
 With many a bitter tear
 till Daylight did appear
 Then call'd his mother dear
 into the room

Oh! worst of woman kind
 what have you done
 Do you through murder find
 plagues for your son
 You have destroy'd my love
 which will my ruin prove
 By all the powers above
 I cannot live

Are you in frantic fits
 what do you mean
 Or quite beside your wits
 fill'd with the spleen
 What makes you rave and tear
 like one in deep despair
 Dear mother I declare
 you are the cause

Come death be kind to me
 my vitals seize
 Why should I live to see
 such griefs as these
 With that his sword he drew
 and thrust his body through
 Crying dear mother you
 have ruin'd me

Now when she saw her son
 dead on the floor
 She gave a deadly shriek
 servants there were

Come running up again
 but help was all in vain
 The squire he was slain
 no life was left

The cruel mother she
 soon did confess
 Her bloody cruelty ~~her~~
 her wickedness
 Said she this is the knife
 with which I had her life
 The same shall end the strife
 so stabb'd her self

This cruel mother through
 ambitious pride
 Caused her son to rue
 three persons dy'd
 Let this a warning be
 to high and low degree
 Love where it can't be free
 tortures the mind

Push about the Bowl boys

Push about the Bowl boys ~~let us leave all~~
 Let us leave all meaner joys
 Push about the Bowl boys
 Drowning every sorrow

Hence away reflections rude.
 Dull care was made for solitude
 And should austere advice intrude
 We'll bid him call to morrow
 He who talks his glass boys
 Half his real bliss destroys
 He who talks his glass boys
 Is a sorry fellow -

For wine with mirth will fill the slave
 Wine will make the coward brave
 And the very sneaking knave
 As fine as any fellow
 Push about the Bowl boys
 Wisdom at the bottom lies
 Push about the Bowl boys
 Here's no time for thinking
 Let us with our hands & hearts unite
 To do ourselves and bumpers right
 The business of this very night
 Consists alone in drinking

Give us each a lass boys
 One who most our minds employs
 Give us each a lass boys.

Modest but complying
 One whose soul is formed for bliss
 Who loves to bill to coo and kiss
 And cannot see what harm it is
 To save a swain from dying

Here to our noble selves boys
 Length of days and lasting joys
 Here to our noble selves boys
 The toast will bear repeating.

Before I bid a last adieu
 Heres to every heart that's sound & true
 So heres to you to you and you
 Till our next happy meeting,

Batchelors of every Station.

Batchelors of every station
 Mark this thing a true relation
 Which in brief to you I'll bring
 Never was a stranger thing

Loyal lovers most adoring
 You shall find Its worth your hearing
 When love takes the deepest root
 Yielding gold and hearts to boot

Such a noble disposition
 Had a lady with submission
 She was conquer'd after all
 How it was declare I shall

She being at a noble wedding
 Near the famous Town of Reading
 A young gentle man there she saw
 Who belonged to the law

About him she did enquire
 Him so much she did admire
 Who he was and where he dwelt
 Such was the Lott flames she felt

It being told this youthful lady
 Call'd her coach that being ready
 Homeward straight she did return
 Still her heart in flames did burn

Night and morning for a season
 In the closet she would reason
 By her self and often said
 Why has love my heart betray'd

I that have so many slighted
 Am at last as well requited
 For my griefs is not a few
 Now I find what love can do

He that has my heart in keeping
 Though I for his sake be weeping
 Little knows the griefs I feel
 But I'll try it out with steel

I'll a letter write and send him
 And appoint where I'll attend him
 Within the grove without delay
 By the dawning of the day

Early in one summers morning
 When bright phebue was a dawning
 Every bower with its beams
 This young lady came it seems

At the bottom of the mountain
 Near a pleasant cheerfull fountain
 There she left her gilded coach
 Whilst to the grove she did approach

Then she with her mark and walking
 There she met this young Lawyer talking
 With a friend whom he had brought
 Straight she ask'd him whom he sought

I am challeng'd by a gallant
 And behold to try my tallant
 Who it is I cannot say
 But I hope to shew him play

It was I that did write you
 Wee me sir or else I'll fight you
 Underneath this shady tree
 Therefore take your choice said she

You shall find I do not vapour
 See I have brought my rusty rapier
 Therefore chuse you which you will
 Wee with me or try your skill

He cry'd madam pray what mean you
 In my life I ne'er have seen you
 Pray unmark your visage thou
 And I'll tell you yes or no

I will not my face uncover
 Till those marriage knots are over
 Therefore take your choice said she
 Either fight or wed with me

Step within this pleasant bower
 With your friend one single hour
 Strive your thoughts to reconcile
 I will ponder here the while

Whilst this charming lady waited
 This young bachelor consulted
 What was best for to be done
 Quoth his friend the hazard run

If my judgement may be trusted
 Wed her for you cant be worsted
 If she's rich you will rise to fame
 If she's poor you are the same

He consented to be married
 In her coach they all were carried
 To the church without delay
 By the dawning of the day

Little pretty Cupid hover
 Round her eyes her face was covered
 With her mark he took her thus
 Just for better or for worse

She call'd her coach that being ready
 This young lawyer and his lady
 Rode together till they came
 To a house of state and fame

Which appeared like a castle
 Where you might behold a parcell
 Of young cedars tall and straight
 Just before the palace gate

Hand and hand they walk'd together
 To a hall or parlour rather
 Which was beautiful and rare
 All alone she left him there

There he sat like one amazed
 Round the precious room he gazed
 Which was richly beautify'd
 But alas he had lost his bride

There was hooping laughing gearing
 All within the Lawyer's hearing
 But his bride he could not see
 Would, I were at home with he

He began to be melancholy
 Says the Steward brisk and jolly
 Friend I pray how came you here
 Thou have some design I fear

He replies dear loving master
 You shall meet with no disaster
 Through my means in any case
 Madam brought me to this place

Then this lady which had fill'd him
 With such fears she well beheld him
 Through a window where she doest
 Pleased at this pleasant guest

When she had herself attired
 In rich robes to be admired
 Like a morning angel bright
 She appeared in his sight

Sir my servants have related
 That you have some hours waited
 In my parlour tell me who
 In my house you ever knew

Madam if I have offended
 I was more than I intended
 A young lady brought me here
 That is true said she my dear

I can be no longer cruel
 To my joy and only jewell
 Thou art mine and I am thine
 Heart and hand I do resign

Now he is raised to rich attire
 Not inferior to a squire
 Thus you see he is rais'd to fame
 But I can't relate his name

... ~ Song ~ ...

Attend to my song before it be long
 And in freedom and friendship agree
 There is no foreign band that shall
 us command

For americans love to be free my brave
 boys for americans love to be free

Neither England nor France
 Shall on us advance

For americans love to be free

Neither England nor France
 Shall on us advance

For americans love to be free
 my brave boys

For americans love to be free

Chorus.

O our fathers of old if the truth has been told
 Braved the rage of the wind and the waves
 Sweet freedom to reap they wro'd over the deep
 That they nor their sons should be slaves
 my brave boys that they nor their sons
 should be slaves
 Neither England nor France &c.

This is the land that's at freedom's command
In which freedom it did raise
Freedom moved every tongue with that
proffiting song

Saying americans ne'er shall be slaves
my brave boys

Saying Americans ne'er shall be slaves
Neither England nor France be.

This birth right we hold and it never
shall be sold

But in secret we'll maintain to our graves
Before we'll comply we'll gallantly die
Rather die than submit to be Slaves
my brave boys

Rather Die Thom submit to Le Harves
Rather England nor France &c.

Like the beasts of the wood we ramble for food
We live in the deserts and caves
We live poor as job on the skirts of the globe
Rather die than submit to be slaves.
my brave boys

Rather die than submit to be slaves
Neither England nor France &c.

Brisk Henry and Ruth

A seaman in Dover of excellent parts
With wisdom and learning hath conquer'd
the hearts

Of many a damsel of beauty so bright
To you this new ditty in brief I will write

To shew you the turning and winding
of fate

With sorrows and troubles so many a great
See how he was blest with his true love
at last

When all the rough storms of his ~~for~~
sorrows was past

And now to be brief I will tell you the truth
A beautiful lady her name it was Ruth
A Squire's young daughter who lived in Kent
And all his hearts treasure was joy & content

Unknown to her parents in private they met
And many love lessons did oft times repeat
With kisses and tender embraces likewise
She granted him love so he gained the prize

Said she I'll consent to be thy sweet bride
What ever becomes of my fortune merry'd

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Frowns of my parents I never will fear
But freely go through this world for my dear

A jewel he gave her in token of love
And swore by the secret powers above
To wed the next morning but they were
betray'd

And all by the means of a treacherous maid

Who told her dear parents that they were
agreed

In which they both fell in a passion & said
Before our dear daughter a scamon shall have
We had rather follow her corpse to the grave

This lady straightway to her chamber was confin'd
Where she did continue with sorrow of mind
And so was her Love for the loss of his dear
No sorrow was ever so sharp and severe

Long time having mourned for his love and
delight

Then under her window he came in the night
And sung forth his ditty my dearest fare
farewell

For I in this nation no longer will dwell

Soon after brisk Henry entered on board
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford

And brought him safe to the Kingdom of Spain
 There he with a merchant long time did remain

He finding him ever right faithful & just
 Prefer'd him to places of honour and trust
 He made him as great as his heart could request
 For want of his Ruth he with grief was oprest

He made him as great as his heart could conceal
 With honour and riches no pleasures could yield
 In private he often would weep and lament
 For Ruth a fair beautifull lady in Kent

Whilst he was lamenting the loss of his dear
 A Lady in Spain before him did appear
 All drest with her jewels costly and gay
 Who earnestly craved his favours that day

Says she gentle sir I am deeply in love
 And you are the person whom I prize above
 The greatest of thousands that ever was known
 O! pity my tears and my sorrowfull moan

I pity your sorrowfull tears in reply'd
 I wish I was worthy to make you my bride
 For Lady your grandour is greater than mine
 Therefore I am fearfull you will not resign

Dear Lady ne'er set your affection on me
 You are fitter some person of higher degree

44

That is able to care up your honour & fame
I am a poor seaman from England I came

A man of mean fortune whose substance is small
I have nothing where with to maintain thee withall
Fair Lady according to honour and state
For this is the truth which I freely relate

This lady then lovingly squeezed his hand
And said with a smile ever blest be the hand
That bred such a noble brave seaman as thou
I value not riches thou art welcome to me

My parents are dead I have riches untold
Beside in possession a million of gold
You shall be lord of all that I have
Grant me your pleasure which I earnestly crave

With sorrowfull tears to himself he replies
I am courted with beauty and riches likewise
This Love may I have though of Ruth I deny
Therefore he consented to make her his bride

This lady she boasted glorious and great
With noble deportment both ^{straight} proper & ~~that~~
Which charmed the innocent eyes of his dove
And kindled the second new flame of his love

Then married they were without longer delay
And now we will leave them both glorious & gay
To speak of fair Ruth who with sorrow was left

At home with her parents of concord bereft

Now when this Cruik Henry had gutted the shore
They kept her confined for a twelve month or more
And then they were pleased to set her at large
By laying upon her a desperate charge

To fly from a sailor as she would from death
She promised she would with a trembling breath
But mark well hereafter the truth you shall hear
She soon found a way for to follow her dear

She pack'd up her gold and silver also
In seaman's apparel away she did go
She soon found a master with whom she agreed
To carry her over the ocean with speed

Now when she arrived at the Kingdom of Spain
From City to City she traveled the main
Enquiring of every place for her love
Who had been gone from her this year and above

As gazing she walked along in the street
Her love and his lady she happened to meet
Alas such a garb as she never had seen
She look'd like an angel or beautiful Queen

With sorrowfull tears she turned aside
My jewel is gone I shall neer be his bride
But never the less though my hopes are in vain
I never will return to fair England again

But here in the City a service I'll find
Which will be a comfort and joy to my mind
To see him some times though he think
Since he hath already of noble degree

While here in the City fair Ruth did abide
This beautiful Lady she suddenly dy'd
Altho he was left in possession of all
The tears from his eyes in abundance did fall

Whilst he was expressing his sorrowful moan
Fair Ruth came unto him and made herself known
He started to see her it seemed not coy
And said my sorrows are mingled with joy

The time of his mourning he kept her in ^{Spain}
Then he return'd to fair England again
With thousands of millions which they did possess
Glorious and great was fair Ruth in her dress

And when from the seas to fair Dover they came
With Ruth and abundance of presents of fame
They all did appear both splendid and gay
As though it had been a Coronation day

And when he had took up his lodgings beside
He strip'd off his coat of embroidered gold
And presently borrowed a marreners suit
That with her parents might have some ^{dispute}

To them with obedience he modestly said
Pray where is my jewel that innocent maid

Whose amorous beauty doth thousands excell
I fear by your weeping that all is not well

She is gone! She is gone! She is utterly lost
We have not heard from her this twelvemonth almost
Which makes us distracted with sorrow and care
And drowns us with tears at the point of despair

I am sorry to hear these sad tidings he crys
So are her friends her dear father replies
I heartily wish she had been married to you
And all these sharp sorrows we had not gone through,

Brisk Henry made him this answer again
I am newly come home from the Kingdom of Spain
From whence I have brought a beautiful bride
And am to be married to morrow he cry'd

If you will come to my wedding said he
Both you and your Lady right welcome shall be
They promis'd they would and accordingly came
Not thinking to meet such persons of fame

All deck'd with their jewels rubies and pearls
Their equal companions of Nobles and Earls
Fair Ruth and her love as gay as the rest
And in their marriage was happily blest

And when they returned from Church to an Inn

The Father and Mother of Ruth did begin
To know their own daughter by a certain mould
Although she was clothed in garments of gold

With transports of joy they flew to the bride
O where have you been our dear daughter
they cry'd

Your sorrowful absence has griev'd us full sore
Thus fearing always we should ne'er see
you more

Dear parents she said many hazards I've run
To bring home my love and your dutiful son
Receive him with joy for 'tis very well known
He needs not your gold he has enough of his own

Her Father replies as he merrily smil'd
He has brought home enough if he has brought
home my Child

A thousand times welcome you are I declare
Whose presence disperreth my sorrow & care

Then seven long weeks in feasting they spent
The bells in the steeple they merrily went
And many rich presents they sent to the
poor

The like of this wedding was never before

Fortunate, Lovers.

A seaman of Plymouth sweet William
by name

At wooing to beautifull Susan
he came

At length he obtained her love
and god will

And likewise her father admired
him still

Her mother was likewise as well satisfy'd
The day was appointed the knot
should be tied

All friends were invited but see
by the way

Sweet Susan the sicken'd and
Languishing lay

They used their endeavours to raise
her again

By learned physicians whose skill
was in vain

A week she continued sweet William
did grieve

Because of his love must needs take
his leave

As being commanded to sail the
next wind

Then leaving his sorrowfull jewell behind
He said we'll be married when I come again
If you by good fortune alive should remain

So long as I live I'll prove true to
my love

And Susan I hope you as constant
will prove

Ne'er doubt it sweet William my
jewel said she

There's none in this world shall enjoy me
but the

A tribute of tears at their parting

Sweet William the mother and languishing
maid

And likewise the father was grieved to
the heart

Yet nevertheless for a time they must
part

Now to the ocean Sweet William is gone
Where now we will leave him and thee

How base and deceitful her parents
you wherein
did prove

Who counsel their child to be false to
her love

Now when this sweet dunsell had
languishing fair

Near five or six months she recovered
 again
 Whose beauty was brighter than ever
 before
 So that there were many her charms
 Did adore

All did account her that came in her way
 Her name through the neighbouring
 village did fly
 To be the most beautiful creature on earth
 Although but a fishermans daughter
 by birth

So that she was courted by none of the
 worst
 A wealthy young farmer came to her
 the first
 And call'd her his jewel the joy of
 his life
 She said pray begone I'm another mans wife

By the solemn vow in the sacred place
 If I should be false may I live in disgrace
 The sharpest correction my punishment
 be

And therefore begone from my presence
 quoth she

Then came a young squire and call'd
 her his dear
 And said he would settle two hundreds
 a year

Upon her if that she would be his
sweet bride
I cannot I dare not you must be denied

Then unto her father and mother
he went
Who having discover'd his noble intent
They being ambitious of honor and gain
They strove to persuade her but all
was in vain

Dear parents said she observe what
I say
In things that are lawful I'm
bound to obey
But when you would have me
persuaded for gold
I dare not submit to the truth
I will hold
They found it was then but a folly
to strive.

So long as she knew that her love was
alive
To bring to her mind any other but he
Therefore the young Squire and they
did agree
To send the young beautiful creature
away
Along with a lady to Holland and
they
Would tell her love at his return
she was dead

So that he some other young damsel
 might wed
 Then would it be lawful to marry
 the squire
 Who did her fair beautiful features
 admire
 This was their contrivance to Holland
 she went
 Poor creature she knew not their
 crafty intent
 But since that her parents would
 needs have it so
 In point of obedience she yielded to go
 Where now we will leave her and treat
 of her love
 Who had been gone from her two years
 and above
 Williams long voice they came to a
 rich place
 Where he had been but a very short
 space
 Eve fortune did favour him so that
 he brought
 A bargain worth hundreds and
 thousands his thought
 Then laden with riches he came to the
 shore
 Said he my dear jewel whom I do adore

I will go and visit before that I rest
 My heart has been many months
 Laid in her breast
 Now when he to the house of her
 Father he came
 He call'd for his susan sweet susan
 By name
 But straight her dear mother did
 make this reply
 'Tis long since my daughter did languish
 and die
 His heart at these tidings was ready
 to break
 For some minutes he had not the
 power to speak
 At length with a flood of salt tears
 he reply'd
 Farewell to the pleasures and joys
 of a bride
 My sorrows are more than I'm able
 to bear
 Is susan departed! sweet susan the fair!
 Then none in this world will I marry
 since she
 Is laid in the grave that's worthy of me
 Their presence he quitted with watery
 eyes

And went to his father and mother
likewise

His own loving parents and with them
he left

His wealth because he of his love
was bereft

Resolved I am for to travel again
Perhaps it may wear off my sorrow and
pain

Take care of my riches 'tis treasure
unknown

And if I return not then all is your
own

But if should I live to see you once
more

I make no great doubt but the same
you'll restore

Ay that I will son the dear father
reply'd

So for his long voyage he straight did
provide

He enter'd on board and away he did
steer

The seas they were calm and the
elements clear

At first but at length a sad storm
did arise

Black clouds they covered and darken'd
the skies

The seas they did foam and the billows
did roar

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At length they were drove on the Hollanders
Shore
Their ship was so shatter'd and torn up
indeed
That they on their voige could not
safely proceed
Now while they laid by their good
Will' went to the Hague and walk'd
ship to repair
here and there
And as he was walking along in the
street
His beautiful susan he happened to
meet
He started as soon as her face he
beheld
With wonder and joy he was instantly
fill'd
Oh! tell me he said ye blist powers
above
Do my eyes deceive me or is it
my love
They say she's been buried a twelvemonth
almost
This is my dear jewel or her charming
Ghost
Then strait he run to her and found
it was shee
Then none in this world was so happy
as he
My dearest said William ah! why
dost thou roam

90 What has brought thee so far
The story she told him with watery
eyes
Concerning the Squire and farmer
like wise
They courted me long but I still said
them nay
And therefore my parents they sent
me away
To wait on a lady with whom I am
now
Because I refus'd to be false to my
vow
He presently told her of all his
affairs
His riches his troubles his sorrows
and cares
And how he was going a voyage for to
make
He did not know whether and all for
her sake
But as he was sailing the weather
grew foul
The winds they did roar and the billows
did roll
Yet nevertheless on this turbulent
sea
The waves were so kind they convey'd
me to thee
I'll unto thy Lady and now let her
know

Thou shalt not serve her any longer ⁹¹
Witte me to fair plymouth where thou ^{but go}
As gay as herself or a beautiful ^{shalt be seen}
He made a dispatch and soon brought ^{queens}
She sees they were calm and the winds ^{her away}
So that in short time to fair Plymouth ^{did obey}
And now he was clearly for changing ^{they came}
And now we'll prepare for the ^{her name}
Her father and mother ^{wedding said he} invited shall
He told his own father and mother ^{be}
By fortunes kind favour he had ^{that there}
Then unto her parents he hastened ^{med with his dear}
And told them the height of his ^{last}
For since you say Susan your daughter ^{sorrow was past}
I have found a beauty with whom I ^{is dead}
And therefore I come to bring you the ^{shall wed}
I hope that one favour you will not ^{news}
refuse

O honour me then with your presence
 And come to my wedding tomorrow's ^{I pray}
 They promis'd to come and were pleas'd ^{The day}
 To think how ^{they} bravely had acted their ^{to the heart}
 How now says the mother I have my ^{part}
 We'll call home our daughter to marry ^{Desire -}
 The very next morning sweet susan was ^{the Squire}
 In sumptuous apparel more gay than ^{Drest}
 The richest of silks that the world ^{the rest}
 Embroidered with gold which he sent ^{could afford}
 With diamonds and rubies her vesture ^{from on board}
 For beauty she seemed like as something ^{did shine}
 Scarce ever were mortals more glorious ^{divine}
 And likewise her modesty suited her ^{and great}
 Now with the bride down to dinner ^{State}
 They sat

Her parents and friends who were lovingly

This stately apparel had attend^{met} her
So

That her father and mother her face
Did not know

A health to the bride round the table
Did pass

The mother of Susan then taking
The glass

Who did as the rest and spoke up
With a grace

My daughter if living had been
In her place

The bride at her saying then modestly
Smiled

To think that her mother knew not

Soon after the bride she arose from
her own child
her seat

And fell on her knees at her dear

I am your own daughter who you
Parents felt

To Holland but heaven has stood
Did tend
my good friend

And plac'd me secure in the arms of
 my love
 For which I may thank the best
 powers above
 The father and mother with blushes
 reply'd
 The Squire was in earnest to make
 you his bride
 But since it is so order'd by Heavens
 decrees
 We grant you our blessing so rise
 from your knees
 Then William spoke up with a
 grace
 A fig for the Squire bring him
 bright to my face
 For crowns of silver with him I'll
 let fall
 And he that holds longest that
 surely take all
 They wonder'd how he such riches
 obtain'd
 Yet still they believ'd it was true
 in the main
 Because they appeared so gallant
 and gay
 With music and dancing they finish'd
 the day

The Mayor's only son.

These lines were composed by Himself on the melancholy Occasion.

[He was a Native of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts]

Come all young People far and near
A lamentation you shall hear
Of a young man and his true love
Whom he ador'd and priz'd above
All riches in this world below

That's what you may most truly know
Alas! 'twas of a scholar bright
In learning he took great delight
He was a Mayor's only Son

It was for love he was undone
He was eighteen years of age
When first in love he did engage

His father oft to him did say
My dearest son do me obey
You know she is of low degree

And come of a poor family
Why after her then will you go
I will prove your fatal overthrow

The young man made him this reply
What doth all riches signify?
Dives was rich as we do read
Liv'd very sumptuously indeed

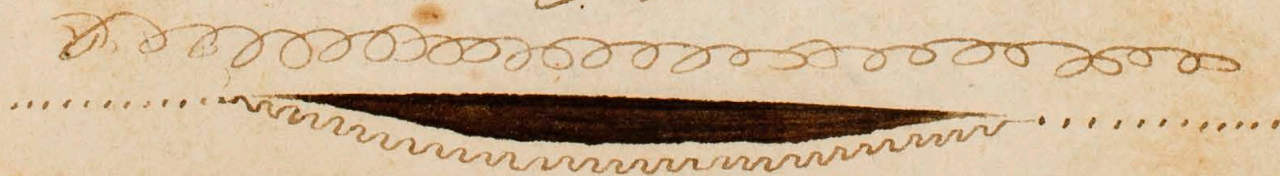
Which Doves dy'd kind sir we read
 And went to misery indeed
 Lazarus dy'd we read also
 So Abraham's bosom he did go
 I'd rather sir my true love have
 And always live with her in a cave
 Than to have all riches here below
 And not enjoy my love also
 His mother said my son be still
 It's in vain you do set up your will
 I'll adorn you with ornaments of gold
 Riches and honours to behold
 All that we have we'll on you bestow
 If after her you will not go
 The young man man made her this reply
 Gold and silver I don't value
 She is the riches whom I adore
 And sure I shall forevermore
 When he was twenty years of age
 In the ministry he did engage
 He'd a call at Rochester to preach
 And there the Gospel he did teach
 They sat by him exceeding high
 And settled him in the ministry
 His parents never would be still
 But daily they set up their will
 One night he went his true love to see
 Hoping to enjoy her company
 Her father unto him did say
 Kind Sir forever stay away
 My daughter is as good as you

Forever bid my house adieu
 Your parents they will not be still
 For thus they have set up their will
 So turn'd this young man out of doors
 And charg'd him to come there no more
 Thus this couple they did part
 Which prov'd the means to break their heart
 This damsel to her chamber did take
 Her solitary moans to make
 She often us'd to sigh and cry
 Saying Lord prepare me to die
 * And go into eternity
 I soon must leave this world behind
 His riches may new master find
 At length her body did decay
 At length her flesh it pin'd away
 For many doctors they did send
 And much upon her they did spend
 But all physicians were in vain
 For yet in love they did remain
 Unto her brother then said she
 I long once more my love to see
 Her brother unto him did go
 And let him of her sorrows know
 The young man unto her did go
 When he the matters came to know
 Madam what makes your courage fail
 Madam what makes you look so pale
 Your cheeks were like the cherry red
 Methinks they're turn'd as pale as lead

* I cannot live but I must die

Your eyes as black as any shoe
 Down to the grave methinks they'll go
 Out in these words she soon did break
 Saying kind sir 'tis for your sake
 And God forgive our parents dear
 That have been cruel and severe
 I can forgive them said she
 I'm going to a long eternity
 I trust I am prepar'd to die
 I trust that I shall reign on high
 And when I leave this world behind
 I hope a better world to find
 Fare well my father and mother dear
 You have been cruel and severe
 And God forgive you for the same
 For you have been greatly to blame
 Farewell my brothers and sisters dear
 See that you all live in god's fear
 See that in secret oft each prays
 Mind what your dying sister says
 Farewell my true and loving mate
 No longer for you can I wait
 Death doth call and I must go
 And leave you in this world below
 If you follow the work of ministry
 See that a faithful man you be
 I hope we soon shall meet again
 I hope in heaven we both shall reign
 Her rings from her fingers she did take
 Saying always keep them for my sake
 And everytime these rings you see
 Remember that I dy'd for thee

She gave a sigh and bitter weep
 Then dropt into a silent sleep
 She bid the world and all adieu
 And every person that she knew
 Tears down his cheeks like fountains ^{run}
 He cry'd alas! I am undone!
 No comfort shall I ever have
 I'll go a mourning to my grave
 Next day to her burying he did go
 Dress'd in mourning from top to toe
 Soon after that distracted run
 And so forever was undone
 Come all you parents far and near
 These melancholy lines who hear
 I beg a warning you would take
 And never matches try to break
 Come all young people far and nigh
 Remember you were born to die
 Set not your hearts on things below
 For love has been my overthrow
 He wanders up and down alone
 And like a dove does daily mourn
 And he has mourn'd 'Love thirty year
 But never can enjoy his dear



Sid re I or the Irish Wedding.

Sure wont you hear what roaring cheer
 Was spent at Pady's wedding O
 And how so gay they spent the day
 From the Churching to the Bedding O.
 First book in hand came Father Quiper
 The brides Dada a bailey O
 All figing while the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O

In the very moment Father Quiper heard
 There was a wedding on the carpet he
 went to Peter O Rieley and told him
 of the whole affair who thrust his
 arm up the chimney and pull'd
 down his pipes and squax'd them
 under his arm and blew a blast into
 them and play'd a little bit of a
 Sid re I and Sid re I and Sid re id re I de O

Now there was Mat. and sturdy Pat.
 And merry Margar Murphy O
 And Murdock Maggs and Firlock Skaggs
 M'Laughlin and Dick Durfey O
 And then the girls rigg'd out in wifes
 Led on by Dad O' Reily O
 All giggling &c.

By the powers! It would have done
your heart good to see the little boys
and girls hopping over the gutters
two by two in couples one after an-
other followed by the piper who was
jogging on before playing up a mate-
little bit of a - Sidre I &c.

When Pat. was ask'd if his love would^{last}
The chances echo'd with laughter O
By my shoul says Pat. you may say^{that}
To the end of the world and after O
When tenderly her hand he grips
And kisses her jointly O
All jigging &c.

When the ceremony was over and
father Quiper told the bride she
was no longer Miss Kitty O'Dona-
van but Mistress Paddy O'Rafferty
to be sure Paddy didn't take hold
of her by the back of her neck
and gave her such a kiss that
when he took his lips away you
might have heard it all over the
chapel while the boys and girls
seeing so mate an example before them

all began while the piper who
was seated near the communion table
kept time with his - Sid re I &c.

Then a roaring set at dinner were met
So frolicsome and frisky O
Potatoes galore a skirrag or more
With a flowing madder of whisky O
Then round to be sure did 'nt go the wifes
At the brides expence so gaily O
All jigging &c.

For Pat. dy' see was resolv'd to do
the thing in aontate way so he
ordered in three large bowls of potatoes
and a dish full of red herrings and
by the powers the boys and girls
were so hungry that while they were
masticating the potatoes their jaws
went faster than the piper's elbow who
was seated in a corner playing a little
bit of a - Sid re I &c.

And then at night O what delight
To see them capering and dancing O
An opera ball was nothing at all
Compar'd to the stile of their prancing O
And then to see old father Quiper

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Beat time with his shillala O
All jigging &c.

By the powers of mud! If he didn't
happen to put his thumb on the hole
where his little finger should be to be
sure Paddy didn't jump up from the
throne of turf where he was sitting
and gave him such a poult over the
place where he took his snuff that it
knock'd him clane into the mud.

"There's meat and drink for y^e," says
he "lie there you thief of the world
till the cows come home and let it
learn you all the days of your life
and forever after after if you die
tomorrow mornning before sunset that
whenever you come to a gentelmann's
widding his funeral or any such a
merry making matter not to be
playing any of your damn'd can-
tates but nothing more or less than
the nate little bit of a - Tid re I &c.

And now the knot so soaky are got
They'll go to sleep without rocking O
While the bridemaids fair so gravely prepare
For throwing of the stocking O

Decadeous we'll have says father Quipes
 Then the bride was kiss'd round jontaly O
 While to wish them good fun the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O

So when the bride had determined
 to go to bed Paddy took the candle
 and lit them all to the door and father
 Quipes who had been putting too much
 whisky to his water insisted on dancing
 home with Miss Judy O' Dogherty so
 the piper got his bags in order and
 away they all went capering to a
 little bit of a-
 Tid re I and tid re I and tid re id re I de O

New Tid re I

You've heard of late how bouncing Kate
 Was wed to brisk young Paddy O!
 Nine months being past in wedlock fast
 He's now become a dady O
 Their neighbours all around them throng
 With good old Quipes so gaily O
 Who as he joins the festive song
 Keeps time with his shillela O

The moment that Jemmy M'Laughlin
 heard there was an increase in Mr
 O'Rafferty's thriving family he
 sprung ^{up} from his Mount & Etna of turf
 where he was diverting himself by shooting
 at crickets and after having greased
 his brogues and dusted his pipes put
 his best foot foremost for the family
 cabin of Mr O'Rafferty saluting the
 boys and girls as he approached the
 door with a sweet little bit of a
 Tid re I and Tid re O &c.

First hands they shake then stools they ^{take}
 When quack flies round the whisky O
 Old Quips looks big pulls of his wig
 And bids them all be frisky O
 Says he since Pat has got a brat
 Lets drink his lady's health each guest
 But piper mind you dont get blind
 Nor drunk as Davids filthy beast

For Jemmy M'Laughlin you know had
 such a terrible thirst for the guz that
 when he opened his lantern jaws
 to wet his whistle you might jump
 down his throat with fisherman's boots
 on - and as for his swallow --- if he had
 a hollow equal to it he might have made

a huntsman for the very devil himself
and bid good bye to his *Tid re I re*

Lets have a dance the lady's cry'd
M'Loughlin come tune up your pipes
Since Kitty's Paddy's honest bride
A christening bring to father Quipper---
Strike up Molly de Wad or Flip re day
Or by the pigs and all that's fine
We'll lay you paper in the straw
Dowse them lanthorn chops of thine

Come Jemmy you quizzical drone
of a squeaker let us see none of your
winking or blinking at Juggy M'Bl-
addy none of your sheep's eyes or
squinting out of your calf's head
at Moggy M'Bodderskull--- strike up a
bit of a lilt till we dance a three handed
reel among four of us to the tune of
Tid re I re.

The dance being o'er than as before
The guests were seated down again
To see the heir--- young Paddy dear
The Lady's long'd--so did the men

107
Dame Tattle stept behind the rug
These honest souls kind hearts to cheer
And forward brought Flats pretty pup
Gay Paddy's son and only heir

Och! for a faithful description of
this little paragon of beauty.
Mr Paddy O'Rafferty Jun. Esq.-----
his dear little noddle was as smooth
and as well shaped as a new peeled
potatoe his sweet little nose turned
up against the blessing of father
Quipes he shewed the whites of his
eyes like a duck in a thunder storm
and Jimmy M'Laughlin who is
always for playing his foolish
cantrabanks swore the young heirs
peepers were designed by nature to watch
a corner house for they squinted so
gracefully that they looked two ways
at once to the music of his Jid re J re.

See he he cries the mouth and eyes
The picture of his daddy O!
Lord what a chin a nose and skin!
God love you pretty Paddy O!
Don't squeak the pipes good father Quipes
You'll save the darling baby O!
Should you grow up any pretty pup
An honest man you may be O

Why to be sure there's not a doubt of that
 for his grand father and great grandfather
 were honest men before him --- the first
 was flogged at a cart tail for breaking
 open a ware room full of mill stones
 and the second for sweating pure gold
 off of gingerbread brides on his
 mothers side he could boast of
 ancestors equal to Jimmy M. Laughlin
 Who all this time was playing his
 Fiddle &c.

The Learned Pig.

Oh! you all must have heard of the learned
 pig

A little one in size tho' in science very big
 But what will you say to a pig of my own
 To which this pig was no more than
 a drone

For as cocklane ghost on a wainscot or post
 With a knock or a scratch to answer
 was wont sir

So my pig too will answer as true
 Saying no with a snort and yes with
 a grunt sir

109
There was old Lady Wishfort a widow I wot
Who the joys of wedlock had never forgot
With an old thumping cold's tooth in her
head

And thinking on the life she had
formerly led

She says "Pray Mr swine shall a husbanding
husband soon be mine

And I be no longer a widow forlorn sir"

'Week' says the hog which set her all
agog

O she vowed such a charming little
pig was never born sir

Then the Parson of the Parish a very
pious man

Says Pray Mr Pig now resolve me
if you can

As I christen and I bury and I preach
and I pray

And constantly keep every festival
day

Pray shall not I be a bishop bye and bye

And from diocese to diocese to Canterbury

hast sir

No says the pig the parson looking big

Sir you are an impostor and your pig is
but an ass sir

Then Sir Guttelbelly Gobblerwell who never
baulk'd his glass

Cries 'D-me a'nt it hard for a sot that
I must pass

And tho' I'm thus abus'd e'er Pig
by my wife

Did you ever see a soberer man in your
life

Piggy grunted so loud that that the
rest of the crowd

All look'd and star'd just like stuck
pigs I vow sir

While sir Boosy in a pout tur'd
about and kick up'd out

Why blast me but your pig's as drunk
as David's sow sir

A French Refugee who was jealous
of his rib

And knowing that my pig at an
answer was glib

Says Monsieur Repondre if ou con

Am I a cuckold sir oui ou non

Week was the reply Begar says he
you lie

My wife to be sure no care for me
von fig sir

~~XXX~~
But if me wear de horn no Frenchman
Vill suffer to be call'd von uckold
ever born
by a pig sir

A punning Philosopher then standing
Who Pythagoras doctrine held by the
Very gravely exclaims I can easily track
Ametempyschoris in that pigs face
For man is but a name and pig is but
the same

And in transmigration if I am not
mistaken

This learned pig must be by consanguinity
Related to the great Lord Bacon

Oh! the pig at a joke so humorous and
blunt

Cried week week week as loud as he
could grunt

Which show'd that the pig though
a four footed elf

Knew his pedigree as well as Cadwallader
himself

And my ^{like} will I pawn that when collar'd
into brown

He that eats of this pig tho' at college never bred
Like an egg full of meat will with learning be
replete
For he'll have it in his belly if not in his head sir

Tag Rag and Bob-tail

—O—O—will go in Tune Learned Pig—

Of high born folks other bards may sing
Till with princes and heroes our ears
shall ring

The theme of my song may be thought
somewhat low

But all things have their admirers
you know

From the nobles and dames at the court
of St. James

To the rips in St. Giles who are call'd
whore and rogue still

Each has a friend who attention will lend

Then why mayn't I sing now of tag
rag and bob-tail

Fal la de ral la.

Who are these people some one may
ask

My answer is ready and easy the task

Not those who are counted low in degree

Who possess'd of minds independant
and free.

Who make virtue their guide and
whose time is applied.

To society's welfare for which they
lab' still

These are the great the props of the
State

213

The rest of mankind are but Tag rag
and bob-tail

Fal fal &c.

Vain foolish mortals puff'd up with pride
Of riches may boast and the poor deride
'Tis wisdom alone that makes out the man
The maxim is old and deny it who can
Then tho we be poor of this we are sure
If learning and virtue be stor'd in our nob
still

Tho the rich ones may frown and affect
to look down

'Tis not we but they who are Tag rag
and bob-tail

Fal fal &c.

Let the senator talk of the nations good
And vow for his country to shed his blood
Let the lawyer for wit and for argument
strain

And try with his quibbles to puzzle your brain
Their end is the same imposition their aim
In different modes each endeavours to rob still
While the pitiful elf in his labours for self
Still is courting the favour of Tag rag
and bob-tail Fal fal &c.

When a lover sings in his fair ones praise
And invokes the muse to inspire his lays
When he talks of Cupid his bow and his dart
And describes the wounds they have made
in his heart

When he tells with surprise his mistress's eyes
Pray what is it friends, that sets him agog till
Is not her air lips cheeks or hair
What is it then?— 'Tis her Sag rag and
bob-tail

Fal la! derat &c.

How Stands the glass around

How stands the glass around?
For shame ye take no care, my boys,
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound,
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

145

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die!
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
'Tis but in vain,
For soldiers to complain;
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again.

Henry's Cottage Maid

Ah! where can fly my soul's true love?—
 Sad I wander this lone grove,
 Sighs and tears for him I shed;
 Henry is from Laura fled:
 Thy love to me thou did'st impart,
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart;
 But, dearest Henry! thou'st betray'd
 Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears,
 Sighing sad with pearly tears;
 Oft thy image is my theme,
 As I wander o'er the green:
 See! from my cheek the color flies,
 And loves sweet hope within me dies;
 For, dearest Henry! thou'st betray'd
 Thy love with thy dear cottage maid.

447
Young Roger

O mamma I long to be married,
I hope you will give your consent,
I'm thirteen years old

As I have been told,
I am since th' middle of last lent
I was fit to be married you know
Two summers and winters ago,

O the joys of a Lover
I mean to discover,

Young Roger he loves me I know,
Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,
I will marry Roge that follows the plow.

2

O what do you mean by young Roger,

~~12~~
The mother in a passion repli'd,
A country clown,
The squorn of the town,
While you might be a gentleman's bride,
I plainly will make it appear,
Before all in fair Oxfordshire;
You've got gold and treasure,
And wealth without measure,
The rent of ten thousand a year;
Therefore dearest daughter I solemnly vow,
You shant marry Roger that follows the plow.

3.

O mamma I've got at my disposal,
The rent of ten thousand and above,
A plentiful store,
I covet no more,

179
21.
Give me but the man that I love;
Although he in mean habit goes,
With patches perhaps on his cloaths,
Dear mamma believe me,
Where'er he comes near me,
His breath smells as sweet as a rose;
Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,
I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

There is young Willy the 'squire,
He courts you I very well know,
He'll make you his bride,
His joy and delight,
In rings and fine jewels you'll go;
He's healthy, and wealthy withal,
He's proper, straight, comely and tall,
He will befriend you,
And very well attend you,

With servant to come at your call;
 Therefore dearest daughter I solemnly vow,
 You shan't marry Roger that follows the plow.

A fig for young Willy the 'squire,
 A whore he will certainly keep,
 He'll revel and sport,
 With women in court,
 While I in my chamber do weep,
 Lamenting my sad overthrow,
 Young Roger he'll never do so;
 O the joys of a lover,
 I mean to discover,
 Young Roger he loves me I know,
 Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,
 I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

6
 O the plow is the staff of the nation,
 And finally prospers the throne,
 By every hand,
 It fattens the land,
 And makes plenty 'tis very well known;
 O if I had now guineas in gold,

As much as my apron could hold,
 O, who could be quiet,
 To live without diet,
 Or who could live without food;
 Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,
 I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

7.
 Dear Daughter since this is your judgment,
 Your notion I do recommend,
 For a good honest man,
 Will save all he can,
 While a rake he will willingly spend,
 Abusing his family quite,
 Dear daughter you're much in the right,
 I will not deny you,
 Let Roger stay by you,
 Since he is your joy and delight,
 And when you are married I'll make it well known,
 I'll give Roger a plow and a farm of his own.

Robbin,

Now Robbin, says she, since thou art ^{my son,}
 I'll give the best council for life,
 Then hasten away without more delay,
 I'll warrant you'll get you a wife, you will;
 Yes, you will, so you will,
 I'll warrant you'll get you a wife, you will.

Then dress yourself up in your holiday suit,
 And kiss every girl that you meet;
 Some will look shy and take it awry,
 And others will call you their sweet, they will —
 Yes, they will, so they will,
 And others will call you their sweet, they will.

Thus Robbin he mounted, and so took his leave
 Of his mother so loving and kind,
 With tears in his eyes he scarce could advise,
 He's sorry to leave her behind, he is —
 Yes, he is, so he is,
 He's sorry to leave her behind, he is.

The first one he met upon the highway
 Was the farmer's fair daughter, nam'd Grace;
 Something he spoke with an innocent joke,
 She hit him a slap in the face, she did —
 Yes she did, so she did,
 She hit him a slap in the face, she did.

Why, Miss Grace, what do you mean
 To strike such a gallant as I?
 With my hollyday clothes I shine like a rose,
 You may want such a lad till you die, you may —
 Yes you may, so you may,
 You may want such a lad till you die, you may.

As Robbing was walking upon the highway,
 Not minding her laughs nor her mocks,
 He kiss'd the Priest's wife, which caused much
 strife,
 He got his feet fast in the stocks, he did —
 Yes he did, so he did,
 He got his feet fast in the stocks he did.

If this be the way to get me a wife,
 I never will seek me another
 But I will live single all the days of my life.
 I think I'll go home to my mother, I will —
 Yes I will so I will,
 I think I'll go home to my mother, I will

The New

ERIN GO BRAGH :

or, the Exile of Erin's return home

O'er the hills of Slieve-Galen,
 As home-ward he wander'd,
 The exile of Erin oft paus'd with delight;
 To dear recollections his soul he surrender'd
 As each well known object return'd to
 his sight;
 There was the brook, oft he leapt so tight
 hearted,
 There was the bower, where with love
 first he smarted,
 And here was the old oak, where
 when he departed,
 He carv'd his ^{last} farewell, 'twas—
 Erin go bragh

His heart, wild was beating - when
 softly assailed him,
 The sound of a harp - oh he listened
 with joy,
 What quickening emotions! his visage
 And real'd them,
 And the fire of his country beam'd
 strong from his eye:
 A sweet female voice, soon the lov'd
 strains attended,
 'Twas dear to his fond soul, that o'er it
 suspended
 With each note the spirits of feeling ascend-
 Lung soft to the accents of Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet num-
 bers
 "Now doom'd far from me and his country
 Perhaps in the cold ^{to mourn} bed of death even he
 slumbers,
 "Ah, my soul! canst thou think he
 shall never return;
 "Yes, he shall, for he lives, and his past
 woes refreshing,
 "His country shall hail him with
 smiles and caressing,

"And lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce
her his blessing,

"That country which wrong'd him,
his *Crin go bragh*.

"As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he
was tender,

"And form'd was his bosom, of friend-
ship, and love

"But call'd by his country, still swift
to defend her

"Undaunted and fierce as the eagle
he'd move.

"That ardour of passion, for me, which
he pleaded,

"By what female breast could it have
been unheeded?

"The love of his country alone could
exceed it

"For still his first wish was for
Crin go bragh

"This harp, on whose strings oft he
roug'd each emotion,

124

“Unrivall’d the soft tones of
feeling to draw
“He left me, the pledge of his
heart’s true devotion,
“And bade me oft strike it to Erin
go bragh
“O’er it oft I’ve dream’d that he yet
in this bower,
“And touch’d the sad tale of his ex-
ile with power,
“Each soul glowing patriot, the
strains did devour,
“Struck full to the magic of Erin
go bragh.

“But cease ye vain dreams! for at
morn still I lose him,
“And cease my fond hopes for
my griefs must remain,
“No — they must not!” — he cried, and
rush’d to her bosom —
“Your exile’s return’d to Erin again.
“Now fall’n are the oppressors that
sought to destroy me;
“Love, friendship and Erin shall
henceforth employ me.”
— “’Tis himself,” she exclaim’d, “O ye
pow’rs, ye o’erjoy me,
“Then blest be my country! blest
Erin go bragh.”

128 How you maintain your family when most
of them are small
The Poor Man

O poor man, O poor man come tell
unto me true,
How you maintain your family,
and how you carry them through,
And nothing but your labour to
maintain them all.

'Tis sometimes I do reap and sometimes
I do sow;
Sometimes hedging, sometimes ditching,
such work I often do;
There's nothing comes a miss to me, I
harrow and I plow;
I maintain my family by sweat of
my brow.

Early in the morning, I'm always
in good cheer,
With a flail in my hand and a
bottle of good beer;

With a flail in my hand
and a bottle of good beer,
I live as happy as those
worth ten thousand a year.

My wife she's always willing
to hall in the Gosh, we
live like lambs together,
and we never do provoke;
Altho' it may be possible
that we do now live poor,
yet we can feed the beggars
that come to our door.

When I come home at night,
so weary then I be,
Then I take up my youngest child
and dance it on my knee,
The rest all come around me
and make a prattling noise,
And this is all the comfort
a poor man enjoys.

This nobleman hearing what
this poor man did say,
He invited him to dine with him
the very next day,

He invited him his wife
 and children all to bring,
 And in token of favor
 he gave him a ring.

Quite early the next morning,
 this poor man arose,
 And dress'd up all his children
 in the finest of their cloaths;
 Then the poor man and his wife
 And his seven children small,
 They all went to dine at
 at this nobleman's hall.

And then after dinner
 he soon did let him know,
 That into this poor man's hands,
 he had then to bestow;
 'Twas forty or fifty
 good acres of his land,
 He gave him in writing
 and sign'd his own hand.

Saying on this you may live
 happy all your life,
 Therefore I do entreat you
 to be kind unto your wife;
 Be kind unto your wife
 and children all around,
 There's few of those noble men
 that are to be found.

WEDLOCK.

Of all the various states of life,
 Pure wedlock is the best,
 For in a faithful loving wife,
 A man is surely blest.

Of all the joys this world can give,
 All kinds of earthly bliss
 There's none can equal us I live
 The Matrimonial kiss

How sweetly glides the time away
 When sitting by his wife
 The happy spouse with Joy ^{Say} Can
 Come kiss me My Dear Life

The worldly cares perplex & gall
And threaten rude Alarms
The married man forgets them all
When in his wife's Dear Arms

Not hybla's famed poetic grove
With all its fabled sweets
Can equal those of wedded love
Betwixt the lawfull sheets

How joyous is the happy dad
How swells his heart with glee
When little Poll or Sally cryed
He dandles on his knee

And now to pay me for my song
Pray all your wishes join
That ere the time be very long
Some sweet girl may be mine

OWEN

Welsh

Tho' far beyond the mountains
The looks so distant here
To fight his Countries battle
Last May Day went my dear

Ah! well shall I remember
With bitter sighs the day
Why owen didst thou leave me
At home why did I stay

Ah well shall I remember &c

Oh cruel were parents
Who did my slight restrain
And I was cruel hearted
Who did at home did remain

With him I live contented
I'd journeyed far away
Why owen didst thou leave me
And home why did I stay

With him I love contented &c

Continued — — —

To market at Llangevellin
Each morning do I go —
But how to strike A Bang in
No longer do I know

My father Chides at Evening
My mother All the Day
Why Owen Didst thou leave me
Why Owen Didst I stay

My father Chides at Evening &c
When thinking of my Owen
My eyes with tears they fill
And then My Child is me
Because my wheel stands still

How can I think of spinning
While Owen is far away
Why Owen Didst thou leave me
At home why did I stay

How can I think of spinning &c

Oh should it please kind heaven
To shile my love from harm
To clasp him to my bosom
To wold Every bare disarm

But Ah! I fear far distant
Will be that happy day
Why Owen didst thou leave me;
At home why didst I stay

But Ah! I fear &c

Tommy & Nancy

Lovers I pray lend an ear to my story,
Take an example by this constant pair;
How love a young Damsel did blast in her life
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth we hear.

She was a rich merchant's only daughter;

Heir's to fifteen hundred pound, a year;
A young man he courted her to be her jewel,
The son of a gentleman that lived near.

Many long years this maid he admir'd,
When they were infants in love they agreed,
When this young couple to age they arriv'd,
Coupled an arrow between them display'd.

For their tender hearts were linked together,
When her cruel parent the same came to hear,
Unto there charming young beautiful daughter;
They acted the part that was base & severe.

Her father said, daughter, leave off your proceeding,
If you are resolv'd with him for to wed
Henceforth and forever we will disown you
If you will have one that is so mealy bred
Her mother said daughter you are a great fortune
Besides you are beautiful, charming & young,
And you are a match dear child that is fitting
For any great lord that is in christendom.

Then did reply this young beauty,
Riches & honour I both do defy,
For if I am denied my dearest jewel,
Then farewell world, it is all vanity.

Jemmy is the man that I do admire,
He is the riches that I do adore,
For to be greater I never desire,
My heart is fixt never to love any more.

Then said her father, 'tis my resolution,
Altho' I have no more daughters but you,
If you are resolv'd with him for to marry,
Banish'd forever from me you shall go.

Well ere father, but this I desire,
Grant me that once more I may see
The you do part us, I still will be loyal,
For none in the world I desire but he.

Then for the young man ^{affection}resent in
Saying forever sir, Now take your leave,
I have a match more fit for my Daughter,
Therefore it is but a folly to grieve.

Honour'd Father then said the young lady,
Promis'd we are by the Powers above

Why of all Comforts will you now bereave me?
For our love is fix'd never for to move

Then said her father, a trip to the Ocean,
You shall go in a Ship of my Own,
And full Consent you shall have my Daughter,
When so fair Yarmouth again you return.

Honour'd Sir then said the two lovers,
Since it's your will we are bound to obey,
Our constant hearts never can be parted,
But our eager desire now longer must stay.

Then beautiful Nancy she said Dearest Gemmy,
Here take this Ring the pledge of your vows,
And with it my heart keep it safe in your Bosom,
Carry it with you where ever you go.

Then in his Arms he closely fold her,
While Chrystal tears like a flood did flow,
Crying, my heart in return I do give you,
And you shall be present where ever I go.

When on the ocean my dear Jan sailing,
The thought of my Jewel the compass shall steer
Those tedious days speed time will discover,

And bring me safe to the arms of my Dear

Therefore constant my dear lovely Jew,
For here I do swear, that if you are untrue
My troubled ghost shall torment you forever
Dead or alive I'm resolv'd to have you

Her ivory arms round his neck ^{twined} she
Said, My dear, when you're on the sea
If that the fates unto us prove cruel
That we each other no more may see,

No Man alive shall ever enjoy me
As soon as the tidings of death ring in ^{my ear}
Then like a poor unfortunate lover,
Down to the grave I will go to my Dear.

Then with a sorrowfull sigh he departed
The wind next morning blew a pleasant ^{gale}
All things being very in the sun & Mary-gall
Then for her sake he straightway he sailed

While Gemmy was a floating ^{main ocean} upon the
Her cruel parents were plotting the while
How the heart of their beautiful daughter
With Cursee gold they should beguile
Many a love of fame birth & breed

11
Come for to count this beautilfull curio,
But their rich presence & favours she light too
Constant I'll be to thy jewel she said.

Now for a while we will leave this fair ^{Maden}
And tell how things with his lover did go,
In fair Barbadoes the ship she arriv'd,
But as we observe ye his sad over-threw.

Young Jimmy was comely in every feature
A Barbadoes lady whose fortune was great
On him fix'd her eyes, she said, if I get not
The English sailor I'll dye for his sake.

Then she dress'd herself in most gally ant ^{Attire}
With costly diamonds she platted his hair
An hundred slaves dress'd in white to ^{her} attend
She sent for this young man to come to her there

Come Noble sailor, said she Can you fancy
A lady whose fortune and ^{riches} ~~great~~ are great
An hundred slaves you shall have to attend ^{you}

Music to Charm you to your silent ^{sleep}
In robes of gold, my Dear, I will Deck you
Rich pearls & Jewels will lay at your feet
In a chariot of gold you shall ride at ^{your pleasure}
If you please love me then answer me & I will
Amazed with wonder while as he stood gazing
For leave noble lady, At length he replied
In England so fair I did vow to a lady,
As at my return to make her my bride.
She is a charming young beautiful creature
She has my heart, & I can love no more,
I beare in my eyes her sweet lovely ^{eyes} features,
No other Charms on Earth I know of.
Hearing of this she did rave in Distract^{ion},
Crying, unfortunate man thus to love
One that does basely flight my glory
Lords of renown & their ^{above all} favours
Now I must Dy for a brave Soldeire bold,
I must not blame him because he is constant
True love & fire is much better than gold

A costly Jewels he instantly gave him,
Then in her trembling hand took a knife
One fatal stroke he before he could save her,
Quickly did put an end to her life. —

Great Lamentations was made for this Dear
But Gemmy on board of the ship he did steer,
Then for fare England, he home was sailing,
With a Longing desire to meet with his Dear.

But when her father found he was returning
A Letter he wrote to the boatswain his friend
Saying a hand some reward will give you,
If on the life of young Gemmy will end.
Void of all grace & for the sake of Money
The cruel boatswain the same did complete,
As they on the Deck were love lying walking
He suddenly tumbled him into the Deep,
The suddenly tumbled him into the

In the Dead of the night when all were ^{as sleeping}
His troubled ghost to his Love Did Appear
Crying arise young Beautifull Nancy,

Perform the ^{Deer} ~~words~~ that you made to your -

You are my own therefore sorry is ^{no} long
Seven long years for your sake I ^{stay} did

Hymen he waits for to crown us with pleasure,

The bride guests are ready therefore commencing

She cryed who is there under my window,

Surely it is the sweet voice of my Dear,
Lifting her head from ^{pillow} her soft Downy.

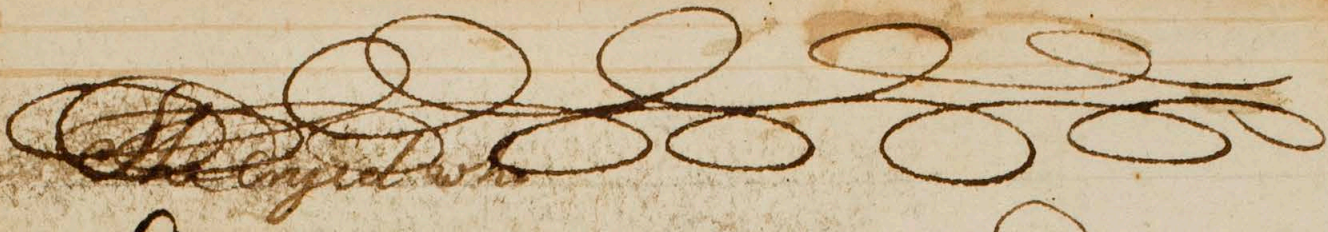
Sweet to the Casement she then repairs.

By the light of the moon, it being ^{Shining} clear

She saw her true lover who to her did say,

Your ~~parents~~ ^{parents} are sleeping before they awake,

For my Dear Creature you must come away



O Jenny strengthen'd if my father should see us,
We should be ruin'd therefore repair

To the sea side I will instantly meet you,
With my two mothers I'll come to you there.

Her gown embroidered with gold & silver,
Carelessly then round her body she throws,
With her two mothers indeed to attend her,
Unto her true Love she instantly goes.

Close in his arms the spirit unfolds her
Jenny she said you are colder than clay;
Sure you can swear be the man I admire
Paler than death you appear unto me

Yes, fairest of creatures I am your true Love
Dead or alive you know you're my own,
I'm come for my verd my Dear you must follow
My body into a watery tomb.

Thinking the lady was now in distraction,
They strove to persuade her contented to be;

But still she cry'd out, my dear I am coming,
Now in thy bosom I'll soon fall asleep,
When thus she had spoke, this unfortunate lady
Suddenly plunged herself in the deep.

The maids seeing what was done, sadly weeped,
And told the news soon as e'er they came home,
Oh! dearest child, it was thy cruel father,
That did provide you a watery tomb.

Two or three days then being expired,
Those two unfortunate lovers were seen
In each others arms on the waves a floating,
By the side of the ship in the watery main.

The cruel boatwain was soon struck with horror,
At night he confess'd the sad deed he had done,
Shewing the letter that came from her father,
Which was the cause of those lovers sad doom.

On board of the ship he was try'd for the murder,
At the yard-arm he was hang'd for the same,
The father he soon broke his heart for his daughter,
Before that the ship into harbour she came.

Thus cursed gold has caused destruction,
Why should the rich covet still after gain,
I hope that this story will now be a warning,
That cruel parents may not do the same.

True love is better than jewels or treasure,
Riches can never buy true love you know,
But thy couple loved constant out of measure,
Love was the occasion of there overthrow.

56 *winces*

When Pensive I Thought of My Love

When pensive I thought of my love,
The moon on the mountains was bright;
And Philomel down on the grove,
Broke sweetly the silence of night.
Oh! I wished that the tear drop would flow,
But felt too much anguish to weep;
Till wan with the weight of my woe,
I sunk on my pillow to sleep
to sleep to sleep
I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

We thought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore;
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
Alas! we must never meet more:
Yes, yes, my beloved we must part —
The steel of my rival was true;
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beat with such fervor for you,
For you, for you,
Which beat with such fervor for you.

Who was that assassin, I cried,
That dar'd thy lov'd bosom to wound;
"A fair one," he sadly replied,
In whom every charm did abound.
But ah! she was falseer than fair;
When her cruel desertion I knew,
It broke my fond heart with despair:
That false cruel fair one was you.
Was you, was you,
That false cruel fair one was you.

When Bidden to the wake
Is then bidden to the waker or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain,
Till she promise to be there,
I loiter; last of all the train.

If Chance some fairing caught her ^{eye},
The ribbon gay or silken glove,
With eager haste grant to buy,
For what is gold compared to love.

My posy on her bosom placed,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exale;
Her auburn locks my ribbon graced
And flutter'd in the wanton gale,
With scorn she hears me now complain
Nor can my rustic presents move;
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas, banish'd love.

LAWRY O'BRYAN.

I am lately return'd from the ocean
Where fire, blood And balls were in motion,
And for fighting I never had a motion.

I would never do for Lawry O'Bryan,
I could box on the shore like a son of a ^{whore,}
I could knock down the dogs by my ^{score} son's half,
But I never thought it clever for the both to
Knock the liver out of Lawry
Blood And thune is where's the ga-by that ^{would terrify}
I would never do Lawry O'Bryan.

I'm so tight that no one can come near me,
And for wit I'll lagage few can scare me,
And for boxing they all need to fear me,
So smart was young Lawry O'Bryan.

So tight and so free wher' first went to sea
Who the devil should they pop ^{but me,} into office
With my raker & my scraper,
Blood and ours I cut a caper
With young Larry;
Blood & thunder, &c,

Theres a little dirty midshipman's ^{sop,} milk-
And he order'd me up to the lip-top,
Where my head it spun round like a ^{lip-top,}
O' was Cruelty for Larry O' Bryan.
Then a sailor went up and he let down a ^{rope,}
They ty'd it round my middle, and hoisted
^{me up,} I kept bawling, I kept squall-
ing
While the fellows they were haw-
ling
Of poor Larry. Blood & thunder, &c.

Then the next thing they all went to fighting,
'Twas a thing that I never took delight in,
Arrah! sure you will all think me right in

Securing of Lawry O'Bryan.
For the powder & the shot and the balls flew so hot,
And the hub bub baboo of the damned
sansculotte,

From their funning with their gaining,
By my soul I set off running
With poor Lawry.

Blood & thunder, &c.

While this hub bub & the noise they were making,
Upon deck, in the hole I lay shaking,
Till I heard that the French ship was taken,
Then out jump'd young Lawry O'Bryan.
There I saw a fellow dead lying down
without his head,
Arrah faith then I thought he had
better been in bed,
Then delighting in such fighting,

Which I found no way inviting,
For young Lanry.

Blood & thunder, &c.
Then the captain gave orders for sailing,
But the sides of the ship wanted nailing,
And all hands went to pumping & bailing,

This was labor for Lanry & Bry
So we got her in the docks with her damn'd
heavy blocks

By my soul but she look'd like a fellow
in the stocks,

Then their oakum devil choah em,
And their tar they wish'd to poke
em

On young Lanry.

Blood & thunder, &c.
I've got rid of the captain & sailors,
Bid adieu to the caulkers & nailors,
By my soul I'll apply to the tailors,
So rigg off young Lanry & Bry.
I've escap'd free from wounds, & I will
blood and ours,

I shew myself to some widow worth her
twenty thousand pounds:

I'll implore her, I'll adore her,
With palaver I'll secure her,
For young Lawry.

Blood and thunder where's the lady
would not marry
Such a dasher as young Lawry O'Bryan.

A Parody on "how blest the
life a Sailor leads."

Gun - America, Commerce and Freedom.

How blest the life a soldier leads,
From town to country ranging,
For as the halt, the march succeeds,
Our toil delights by changing.

Tho' cannons roar along the field,
And comrades bleed beside us,

Our hearts being like our bayonet steel,
These dangers never fright us,

Should fresh troubles come, we'll take sword & gun,
If the enemy attack, we'll not heed 'em,
But prime, load, fire, & charge as they come nigher.

'Twas the way our brother soldiers gained their
freedom.

Our country's call we will obey,
'Tis what we take delight in;
Altho' we're snug at home to-day,
To-morrow we may be fighting.
Should foreign troops invade our land,
We'll welcome them on shore Sir;
Republicans, they can't withstand;
They well knew this before Sir.
The drum beats alarm, we appear with
our arms,
Tho' the enemy advance we'll not heed 'em,
We'll march, till we meet them, we'll make
them retreat,
'Tis the way that we'll support the cause
of freedom.

Returning home with cheerful hearts,
Our friends delighted greet us;
Presenting us with flowing bowls,
The pretty lasses meet us;
Their smiles my lack, drive off dull care,
And banish every sorrow;
We'll drink & dance & laugh & sing,
And take our rest to-morrow,
Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first
of our joys,

May we have our arms & courage, when we
need 'em

To prime load and fire - so we'll raise
our fame still higher,
And support the constitution & our Freedom.

Love Song About Murder

A Noble Lord in Chester
of fame & great renown,
Once kill'd a man for pleasure,
who was of mean account;
His character was stained
by this sad cruelty,
For which, he was arraigned
Judg'd, and condemn'd to die.

This Lord in this Disaster
and trouble which was new,
Sought one to plead his case,
for his hours were but few;
And like one in distraction,
he search'd the country round,
To gain some satisfaction,
at length a friend he found,

A poor young kitchen maiden
was Advocate, they say,
If I may be permitted,
permitted said she,
To come before the Judges,
I mean to end the strife.
Like my Love sick Lady,
in Tears I'll beg his life.

She borrow'd rich Attire
and garments many fold,
On one who liv'd nigh her
a stately chain of gold;
And all things being ready
she with a footman Came,
Like any noble Lady
of Honour, birth, & fame.

She came before the Judges,
(and on her knees did fall,
She cry'd aloud for mercy,
for pity, loudly call'd;
Take pity on a Maiden,
and spare my noble Lord,
And the best of heaven's blessings,
shall &c be your reward.

Bring not your hands, fair Lady,
The learned Judge reply'd;
He is condemn'd already,
already he is try'd;
He murder has committed,
his fellow creature slain,
And is not to be pitied,
your sighs are all in vain.

If one of us must suffer,
pray let that one be I,
I'll yield myself a Martyr,
rather than he should die;
If Vengeance must be given,
pray let it fall on me,
I'll give my life a ransom
to set his honor free.

Would you then die to save him?
such Love I never knew,
This instant, you shall have him,
so bid your tears die,
This moment, we acquit him
dear Lady, for your sake!
Then hand in hand, together,
they pleasantly did take.

Thus hand in hand together,
they walk'd along the road,
Till they came to the tavern
the place of her abode;
He laid his hand upon her,
and smilingly he cry'd,
I have more cause to love you,
than any one beside,

Said she I'm a poor Maiden,
those clothes are not my own,
And of my friends, & neighbors,
I borrow'd every one;
And of my Master's daughter
I borrow'd money too,
That I might save your life,
and prevent your overthrow.

He laid his hand upon her,
and smilingly reply'd.
I have more cause to love you,
than any one beside,
Five hundred pounds to morrow
I'll give
To your master's daughter
And bind myself to love you,
while I've a day to live.

The next day, he did wed her,
as we have since been told,
And gave her a Master's daughter
Five hundred pounds in gold;
They spend their days in pleasure,
which nothing can annoy,
And have, besides great treasure,
a pretty girl & boy.

The building of the Temple. — a Masonic Song.

In the Scriptures we read
Of a certain great King,
The Monarch of Israel,
Whose praises we'll sing:
He built a fine fabric,
As we understand,
On the mountain Moriah
That's call'd Jerusalem.

2
He who, slew Goliath,
In the scriptures we find,
Did purchase the lands,
To promote his design,
And order'd Young Solomon,
As he was his son,
To finish the building
Which he had begun.

Said David to Solomon,
With his heart full of Love,
Since we are appointed
By the powers above,
The great Architector,
Of Heaven, you see,
Sent all these fine patterns
In writing to me

King Solomon, in order
To execute his plan,
Then number'd all the workman
That were in the land;
Thirty thousand to bear burdens,
He kept in reserve,
Ninety thousand on the mountains
To hew cut & carve.
Three thousand three hundred
He chose them to be
All Masters of workmen
Them to oversee;
And this you may believe,
For 'tis certainly true,
He clothed them all in
in fine orange and blue
And on the high mountains
The rocks they did square

All ready for the building
before they came there
And on proper carriages
they brought them all down
That on this fine building
no hammer might sound
King Solomon a letter to Ture
then did send
Inviting King Hiram
to be his true friend
And he being willing
to grant him relief
Sent him that cunning craftsman
call'd Hiram the chief
The son of a widow
and of the tribe of Dan
In every particular
he acted the man
He show'd so much wisdom
in the mechanic arts

That none could excel him
in the casting of brass.
He built them two cherubims
which were of image work.
They stretch'd forth their wings
to spread over the ark
And reached so far o'er
King Solomon's porch
That he could behold them
when walking to church
The fine Queen of Sheba
then heard of his fame,
And unto Jerusalem
she instantly came,
And when she came there,
she was struck with surprise;
This wonderful building
so dazzled her eyes
She asked him questions,
concerning his art;
He answer'd her in all
that belong'd to each part;

In wisdom and learning
none could him excel:
This fine Queen of Sheba
then loved him well.
May he who rules in Heaven,
the grand Lodge above;
Crown all the free masons
with infinite love;
I'm health to King Solomon,
King Hiram also,
Fill up your bumpers,
we'll drink, and we'll go.

LOWE

The Young Man's Wish
Free from the bustle, care & strife,
Of this short variegated life,
O let me spend my days
In rural sweetness, with a friend,
To whom my mind I may unbend,
Nor censure heed, or praise.

Riches bring cares - I ask not wealth,
Let me enjoy but peace & health,
I envy not the great:
'Tis these alone can make me blest;
The riches take of east & west,
I claim not those, or state.

Though not extravagant nor nery,
But through the well spent ^{year,} chequer'd
I have enough to live;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress, or - or lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good-natur'd ^{and wife}
Young, sensible and fair;
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my lot to e're a throne,
And sooth my every care.

Thus happy with my wife ^{and} friend
My life I cheerfully would spend
With no vain thoughts oppress'd.
If Heaven has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly blest.

Lullaby.

Peacefull Slumbring, on the Ocean
Sailors fear no danger nigh
The Winds & Waves, in gentle motion
Soothes them with their Lullaby

Lullaby &c. ²

As the wind Tempestuous blowing
Still no danger they dery
The guileless heart its boon bestowing
Soothes them with its Lullaby &c

When the midnight Tempest raging
Rolls the angry billows high,
The morrow's calm their Thoughts

Engaging
Soothes them with its Lullaby &c
Now the Threating Storm is over
Clouds no more enshroud the Sky
Blissfull thoughts of absent Lovers
Soothe them with their Lullaby

The Voyage being made the
 Ships returning,
 Port now greets the raptur'd eye
 Joy in every Bosom burning,
 Soothes them with its Lullaby &
 Safe arrived at Anchor Roding
 Hands ashore all eager fly
 Happy Wives with gentlest Children
 Soothe them with their Lullaby &

Spanish Lady

Did not you hear of a Spanish Lady
How she would have an Englishman
She's of a Comely Countenance
So fair to see
Both of her Birth & Parentage

Spanish Lady

Did not you hear of a Spanish Lady
How she would have an Englishman
With garments gay as rich as may be
Drest with Jewells every one
She's of a Comely Countenance
So fair to see

Both of her Birth & Parentage
Of high Degree,

She was a prisoner while he kept her
In his arms her Life did lie
Lupine bands did tie her faster
By the liking of his eye
And in his courteous Company

was all her Joy
To pleasure him in any thing
She was not ³ Coy
There was sent forth a proclamation
For to set all Ladies Free
With their Jewells to Adorn them
None to do them Injury
O then reply this Lady Fair
O Woe is mine
O may still sustain
This kind Captivity
Blessed be that time & Season ⁴
When you come on Spanish ground
If our foes we have you Termed
Gentle foes we have you found
And with our City you have won
Our hearts, each one
And to your Country bear away
What is your own

O. fair Lady how can you Love me
Whom you know is your Country's foe
Your fair words make me suspect you
Serpents Lie where Flowers grow
No all the harm I wish on you
Courteous Knight
God grant the same upon myself
Night fully light
Gallant Capt. have some pity
On a Lady in Distress
Leave me not within the City
For to die in heaviness
Although you have this day
Sett my Body Free
My heart Shall still in the
In Prison Strong Remain with

O. Rest You still most Gallant Lady
Rest you still & weep no more
Of fair Lovers you have plenty
Spin doth yeild a Wondrous Store
Spaniards fret with Zealousy
We often find —
English men throughout the Land
Are Counted & Kind
I have neither gold or Silver
To maintain you in this Place
For to Travell is great Charges
This you know in every Place
O. all those chains & Jewells
Sir shall be your own
Besides Ten Thousand pounds in gold
That is unknown

(9)

On the Sea there's many Dangers
Many Storms do there Arise
Which do prove to Ladies Dreadful
And force Tears from their Eyes
Kind Sir says she

I can endure Extremity
And I can find a heart
To loose my Life for the
Rest you still most gallant Lady
Now comes on to end the strife
I in England have already
A Sweet Woman for my Wife
I would not falsify my Vow
For Gold nor Gain
No. no. not for the finest darning
That lives in Spain —

O. how happy is that Woman
That enjoys so true a Friend
Many of peace God send her
Of my Suit I'll make an End.

And on my knees I'll pardon crave
For this Offence

Since love & true affection Sir,
Did first Commence
Commend me to y^r Loving Lady
Bear to her this Chain of Gold

And those Brasletts for a Token
Grieving that I've been so bold
And those chains & Jewels Sir,

Bear them with thee
For they are fitting for y^r Wife.
And not for me.

And every day I'll be in Prayer
 For you & all y^r Law^d Obed^t
 And in a Nunery I'll shroud me
 Free from all other company
 And allways in my prayer Sir
 Be sure of this

For you & all your Family
 I shall not miss

{14}

Fare you well most gallant Cap^t
 Fare you well my hearts Delight
 Count not Spanish Ladies wanton
 Though my heart with you was bent
 Joy & true prosperity
 Abide with thee

The same return unto yourself
 Most Fair Lady

The American Star.

By J. M. Green

Sure... Humours of Glen

Come, strike the bold an' them,
The war-Dogs are howling
Already they eagerly snaf up their

prey;

The red cloud of war ~~over~~ our
forests is scowling,

Soft peace spreads her wings,
and flies weeping away;

The infants, affrighted, cling close
to their mothers;

Then youths grasp their swords—
for the combat prepare;

While beauty weeps fathers &
lovers & brothers,

Who rush to display the

American Star.

Come, blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum
awaken,
The dread rifle voice, let the can-
non deep roar;
No heart with pale fear or faint
doubtings be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print
on our shore.

Shall mothers, wives, daughters
& sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians be dragg'd
to despair?

Oh, no! - from the hills the
proud eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the
American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren,
Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds with
bright aspect serene,
Come Soldiers, a tear, and a toast to
their memory;
Rejoicing, they'll see us as they
once have been.

To us the high boon by the gods
have been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of
Liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll
meet them undaunted,
Or conquer or die by the
American Star

Your hands, then, dear comrades,
round liberty gather
United; we swear by the soul of the brave
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
So free independent, or sink in the grave.
Then freemen, file up! to the blood
banner, flying.

The high bird of liberty screams in the
air,

Beneath her, oppression and
tyranny dying —

Success to the bearing

American Star.

Birth, parentage and Education of Dennis Bulwaddy.

I was born one day when my mother was ^{out,}
In her reckoning, an accident brought it ^{about,}
'Bout family quarrels and such sort of fun,
I have heard of forefathers but I only one.

Derry Down, &c.

Our cabin was full, though not very big,
Of turnips, potatoes, a dog, cow, and pig,
Our dog's name was Dennis, our cow's name was Shack,
Till christen'd I had not a name to my back.

Derry Down, &c.

When I come to be christen'd my poor mother saw
On my face, our dog Dennis had just laid his paw
What's his name, says the clergy, "Derry Dennis" ^{the,} say
So Dennis Bulwaddy he christen'd me.

Derry Down &c.

I grew up & got married but awg left in the lurch;
For my wife died before I could get her to church;
With the first too late, with the second too soon,
For she brought me a son in the first honey
moon.

Derry Down &c.
This business being over, I'd not make a fuss.
It's three months you know since the priest
married us;
Age that's right reckoning, says she,
& it's three more by mine.
And three by my own which together make
the nine.

Derry Down
She died, with what joy I a handkerchief
A brass new one, to cry at her grave as I
ought.
But coming home in the evening with
eyes red as beef,
I pulled out the onion & supped on my
grief.

Derry &c.
Having reaped all the comforts a sin-
gle life yields,
I turned reaper & cut down huge num-
bers of fields;
From reaping of wheat I turned
Doctor, and then,
By the powers, I cut off huge num-
bers of men.
Derry

I cut off an exciseman whose widow,
good luck,

Though she had a thousand times call'd
me a quack,
I've married, and I believe you guess now,
It's the beautiful lady that keeps the

Red Cow. Heery down &c.

The Soldier's Return

When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
That had been bleared with mourning;
I left the lines & tented field,
Where long I'd been a lodger;
My humble knapsack & my wealth,
A poor and honest soldier.

2
A real light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wth plunder;
And for fair Scotia, home again,
I heery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length³ I reached the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted,
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

⁴
Wi' altered voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fair wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king & country lang,
Take pity on a soldier!

~~Down Hill & Left~~

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me
And lovelier was than ever;
How' she, a soldier once I lov'd,
Forget him shall I never;
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade
Ye're welcome for the sake of.

6

She gaz'd— she reddend like a rose—
Syne pale like our lily,
She sank within my arms, and cry'd,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?—
By him who made you sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man— and thou may still
True lovers be rewarded!

7
The wars are o'er, and Jim came home
And find thee still true-parted
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, - we'll ne'er be parted!
Lou'she, my grand-sire left me gowd:
A mailin planish'd farly:
And come, my faithful soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

8

For gold the merchant ploughs the main;
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honour;
The brave poor soldier ne'er disguise,
Nor court him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay
In the day and hour of danger.

All's Well

Deserted by the waning Moon
When skies proclaim Nights cheerless Noon
On Toward font undaunted ground
The Centry walks his lonely round
And should some footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way
Who goes there; Strangers quickly tell?

A Friend!

The Word?

Good Night!

All's Well. all's Well!

And sailing o'er the Midnight deep
While wearied Mermates soundly sleep
The careful watch patrols the deck
To guard the ship from loss or wreck

And while his thoughts of home are there
Some well known voice salutes his ear
What cheer, Brother quickly Tell?

Ahast, below!

The word?

Good Night!

All's well, all's well

Bachanalian Song

by Charles Ingleton

The Glass's sparkling on the Board

The Wine was Ruby bright

The age of Reason is restored

To ease and gay delight

The day is o'er the Rights our own

Then let us face the Soul

If any care or pain Remain

Lets drown it in a Bowl

The world they say is a world of woe
But that I do deny

Can sorrow from a Goblet flow
Or pain from Beauties eye

The Wise are fools with all their Rules
For they would mirth control

If any care or pain remain
Let's drown it in a Bowl

Time flies fast the poets sing
And surely it is wine

In rosy wine he dips his wing

And seize them as he flies

The Nights our own we'll strew with flowers

The Moments as they ~~Roll~~ ^{Flow}

If life's a pain I say again

Let's drown it in a Bowl

O! Stay

Fly not yet it's just the hour

When pleasure like the Midnight flower
That scorns the Eye of Vulgar sight
Begins to Bloom for Sons of Night
And Maids who love the Moon

'Tis but to bless these hours of shade
That Beauty & the Moon were made
And when at soft attractions glowing
It sets the Tide & goblets flowing
O Stay! O Stay!

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to Night that O'throw pain
To break its links so soon
O Stay! O Stay!

Fly not yet the fount that play'd
In times of old thro' Ormands shade
Tho' icy cold by day it ran
Yet still for sons of mirth began
To Burn when Night was near

Why should Romans heart & looks
At Noon be cold as Winter Brooks
And kindle o'er when Nights returning
Sets the genial hour for burning
O Stay! O Stay!

When did Morning ever break
And find such beaming Eyes awake
As those which sparkle here
O Stay! O Stay!

The Mariners Compass

Sam Shreetsail's a lad you delight in
For pleasure he's ever agog
Loves his King loves his wench & loves fights
And he loves to be sure he does grog
For Sam's heart was spliced to his Nanny
And his mind on the girl quite agog
Yet sailors has comical fancies
And dear as his Name he loves grog
For grog is our Larboard & starboard
Our Main mast our Mizzen our Log
At sea or on shore or when harbored
The Mariners Compass is Grog

Let but Grog take its charge of the helm
We perceive not the Dangers of Sea
Or of Billows the Vessel o'erwhelm
Still grog is the Pilot for me

Then since Grog saves the trouble of thinking

Here's to each jolly dog

For he who delights in good drinking
Will top of his can of good grog

For grog is our larboard & Starboard &

Sam Sprit sail the grog he loved Dearly

And its strain he enrap'tured would sing

Yet he fought for his country most cheerly

Loved his sweetheart & Honor'd his King

For Sam's heart was spliced to his Nancy,

And his mind on the girl quite a jog

Yet Sailors has comical fancies

And Dear as his Nancy he loved grog

For grog is our Larboard & Starboard &

Just like Love

Just like love is yonder Rose

Heavenly fragrance round it flows
Its leaves its daisy leaves disclose
And in the midst of Briers it Blows

Just like Love,

It culls to Bloom upon the Breast

Since with thorns the stem invest

It should be gathered with the rest

and with it to the Heart be sent.

Just like Love.

When rude hands the twin bud sever

It shall die & Blossom never

Though the thorn be sharp as ever

Just like Love

Just like love is yonder Rose

8c 8c

The Thorn

From the white Blossom stole

My Dear Cloc requested

A sprig her fair breast to adorn

So by Heavens I exclaimed

May I perish

If ever I plant in that Bosom a Thorn

When I show'd her a Ring

and implored her to Marry

She blush'd like the Dawning of Morn

'Yes!' I'll consent, she replied

If you will promise

That no jealous Rival shall laugh me to

So by Heavens &c







exx

